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IS FRANCE GOING FASCIST? The question is not so fantastic, perhaps, as it sounds. But in suggesting the possibility we have our eye less on the formal public emergence on Armistice Day of the "blue shirts," a Fascist organization, than on the financial pages where the exchange barometer registers the fluctuations of the franc. For if a nationalist and reactionary group should come into power in France, either by a coup or by parliamentary means, it would be due less to political and more to economic reasons than in Italy or Spain. It's all bound up in the value of the franc. If the French Parliament fails to pass a drastic taxation law, including in some form a levy on capital, the franc is doomed and in the resulting crash extremists of either the Left or Right—more probably the latter—are likely to come into power. If Parliament yields to the demands of the Socialists and accepts a radical financial program, the resentment of the propertied classes may produce a reaction favorable to Fascism. But the danger is less in that event than in the other because if the franc can be saved the country is likely to stand by those who save it. And fortunately, as Robert Dell shows in his letter from Paris in this issue, the sentiment of the country now leans well to the Left, enabling us to hope for the acceptance of the Socialists' fiscal reforms—the only possible escape from financial shipwreck.

ITALY'S DEBT to the United States has been compromised, as we predicted last week that it would be, on a more favorable basis to the Italians than was offered to the French. Indeed greater leniency has been shown to the Italians than to the Belgians, although supposedly we made special concessions to the latter because of President Wilson's promises. Nothing matters much in these agreements except what the debtor nation promises to pay for the first five years. That is as far ahead as any European country, in these changing times, need look. Before the end of five years a nation's financial resources may have so improved that it can carry a burden that in advance looks staggering; or another agreement with easier terms may be obtained; or a new government may come into power which refuses to carry out the commitments of its predecessor. Let us see, then, what Italy agrees to pay for the first five years. She promises $5,000,000 annually on a debt of somewhat over $2,000,000,000, or about *one-quarter of 1 per cent.* As this $2,000,000,000 is costing us some $80,000,000 annually at 4 per cent interest it is obvious that for the first five years Italy is not liquidating any of the principal of her debt and is undertaking to pay only one-sixteenth of our own carrying charges. Incidentally we accept from her for the first five years a percentage amounting to only a fourth of that which we so cavalierly refused from France.

WE DO NOT SAY THIS in any spirit of unfriendliness toward Italy or of criticism of our Debt Commission. On the contrary we approve of the agreement and hope that it will be accepted by Congress. *The Nation,* as its readers know, would have offered more generous terms and would have done it long ago. Before the growth of the frightful post-war hates and reprisals that have racked Europe during recent years, before the German mark went to smash and the franc and lira tumbled to their present levels, *The Nation* advocated the cancelation of the European war debts to the United States in return for equivalent concessions to Germany in the way of reparations and a restriction of Allied military activities. Our plan met with no sympathetic response in Washington, but our predictions that in any event America would never be able to make substantial collections from any of the countries involved, except Great Britain, have been amply confirmed by the debt agreements so far. Yet Mr. Coolidge's supporters, ably assisted by a careless or dishonest press, are trying to make the American people believe that he is recovering their money just as six years ago they were bamboozled into believing that he saved Boston at the time of the police strike.

THE OPERA BOUFFE PLOT against Premier Mussolini's life proceeds merrily to its not unexpected conclusion. All the elements of the best musical comedy were there: the mysterious stranger who engaged not one but three hotel rooms giving on the Palazzo Chigi, where the Premier was expected to speak; the attentive host who saw, as he was watching the crowds from the sidewalk and waiting for the Great Man to appear, a malevolent eye gleaming from a particular window in his hostelry; the brave police

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who, having scented the plot, needed only this hint to rush to the room with the balcony, where they found a man in the uniform of a major general, a black shirt deceptively showing above his tunic, the blinds closed, and the malevolent eye trained along the barrel of a rifle pointed through a slit in the window covering. Then, of course, there were tons of seized documents, dozens of secret meetings, lodgings taken in out-of-the-way quarters of the city, and last, but by no means least, a beautiful young woman arrested as the accomplice of the pseudo major general. Now we have *Te deums*, letters of congratulation, a great meeting of 100,000 in the Piazza Colonna at Rome at which the Premier, with a wave of his hand, quieted the thirst of the crowd for bloody revenge. "You will obey because I wish it," he said magnificently—and of course they did, and went home like lambs. It is perhaps doing Signor Mussolini—who, one assumes, has no real wish to be assassinated—a grave injustice to point out that all this has a fishy smell, especially when it is so promptly accompanied by even severer measures against the opposition to Fascismo. Seven more papers have been suppressed or are daily censored; the jails have been crowded with suspects.

MUSSOLINI HIMSELF, it is said, fully expects to die with his boots on of an assassin's bullet. At any rate, he takes what care of himself he can. At Locarno, where every other minister went unaccompanied and unarmed, he was preceded and followed by a score of guards even when he motored. He was not a popular figure there, one gathers. Of the 200 press representatives present a bare dozen did not boycott him; he was the only important person not invited to the dinner given by the foreign correspondents to the leaders of the various delegations. And the correspondents did not hesitate openly to express their disapproval of his high-handed methods in banishing accredited newspaper representatives from Italy and in his stringent censorship of outgoing dispatches. When the leader of Fascismo tried to bait the correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* by inquiring of him: "Is communism marching on?" the correspondent quietly denied that he was a communist. "I thought you were," replied Mussolini; "perhaps I am mistaken?" "You are," was the reply, and another correspondent standing by added: "As is often the case." Such retorts, of course, do Mussolini no harm; while they may gall him, they break no bones; and they give no indication of the state of affairs in Italy itself. There one hears no such impertinences. A proposed law, which is sure to be passed at the new session of Parliament, will make speaking or writing against the Premier a penal offense and will make him responsible only to the Crown. If resentment brews, it boils below the surface. But the Italians are a hot-blooded race; and Fascism has placed a curb upon them more sudden and more constricting than any modern nation has had to endure.

AT LAST THE ALLIES have done the proper thing; they have agreed to quit Cologne on December 1 and to end civil control in the Rhineland in short order. The former they should have done nearly a year ago, but they deliberately violated the Treaty of Versailles by staying at the bridgehead. In order to do this they trumped up charges that Germany had not thoroughly disarmed, charges which our own Ambassador to Berlin declared to be poppycock and nonsense, but were good enough to be held over the heads of the Germans and used as a means to get further concessions from them. Locarno has changed that attitude, and the Council of Ambassadors met hastily to take action so that the German Government could have the benefit of the news to head off nationalist opposition to the ratification of the Locarno treaty. The abolition of civilian control in the Rhineland will be a special boon to the cities of the occupied area where the French have governed with a high hand, taking the best apartments for themselves, compelling almost bankrupt cities to build huge barracks and apartment houses, establishing brothels and requiring the municipalities to fill them with German girls for the use of their colored and white troops alike, and inflicting all kinds of petty pin-prickings upon the inhabitants that conquerors are wont to inflict upon the conquered—that Germany would doubtless have inflicted had her troops won and held French cities. The ways of conquerors are as old as the ways of men and never do they breed anything but hatred and bitterness and the spirit of revenge. It is joyous news, therefore, not only for the Germans but for all the world, that the Germans are going to govern their own cities in the Rhineland, that the remaining occupation will be purely military and will be considerably decreased—which is the next best thing to getting out altogether.

THE LOSS of the British submarine M-1 with sixty lives has rightly stirred public sentiment here and abroad. There is something particularly ghastly in the picture people have of a boat suddenly plunging to the bottom and lying there with her crew well and unhurt, but beyond all rescue. It does not need a Victor Hugo to paint the horror of such an ending, men slowly asphyxiating, or committing suicide, or going mad, or even dying of starvation. So Lady Astor, Chairman McKinnon of Lloyds, Lords Cecil, Parmoor, and Sydenham, and many others in England have raised their voices to demand the abolition of this terrible engine of war, and Senators Borah and Swanson have joined in on this side of the Atlantic. Senator Swanson, speaking as chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, has recalled the paper restrictions put upon the use of the submarine by the Washington Conference, but if war comes before the submarine is entirely abolished not a nation, not ours, not England, will pay any attention to such rules. Our government, it will be remembered, would have abolished the submarine altogether at the Washington Conference; the opposition of France was the chief factor in preventing such action. Today there is a new and better spirit in France: Aristide Briand, who made such bad speeches in Washington, was one of the leaders at Locarno in ushering in a new spirit of good-will. By all means let us have a new conference to outlaw the submarine, while not losing sight of Senator Borah's admonition that the main thing to do is to abolish war itself, since if war cannot use the submarine it will employ some other brutal and sneaking method of killing.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT has finally condescended to inform the Countess Karolyi's attorneys under what provisions of law she is excluded from this country. It seems that the powers that be are hiding from this dreadful woman behind two statutes—one which orders the government to exclude those favoring revolution by violence, and a second, a war-time law, which gives the

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President and his subordinates sweeping powers to control the entry of aliens. Well, the Countess is about as violent a revolutionist as Ramsay MacDonald. As for the war-time law giving the President the power to say who shall or shall not enter this country according to his prejudices or those of some underling of the State Department, it ought to be repealed together with all the other products of war-time hysteria which still disfigure our statute books, including the conscription and censorship laws which automatically go into effect as soon as we enter the next war to end war. All of which does not explain the abject terror of the great Government of the United States at the possibility that one exceptionally well-bred and charming woman, who has devoted her best years to the advocacy of purely American doctrines of democratic liberalism, might enter this country and deliver a few lectures on conditions in Europe. It remains both a base and contemptible attitude which nobody but a Coolidge and a Kellogg could possibly father.

AFTER MONTHS of vacillation Governor Sorlie of North Dakota has appointed Gerald P. Nye, a country editor, thirty-three years of age, who is affiliated with the Nonpartisan League, United States Senator to succeed the late Senator Ladd. The Washington Administration has been determined to prevent the appointment of a Progressive Senator, and so it sent Senator George H. Moses to tell Governor Sorlie that he had no authority to make any appointment since North Dakota had passed no law specifically conferring such a power upon him. The Governor, therefore, issued a writ for a special election in June, next, to fill the vacancy. Now he has changed his mind. The result is that a pretty fight will take place in the Senate when the Senator-designate seeks to take his seat. If the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections follows the Administration's wishes, Mr. Nye will not be seated. The Progressives in the Senate are reported to be welcoming the opportunity to close their ranks and to fight for a man they can all welcome to the Senate. The regulars are equally determined to keep out of the Senate as long as possible another Republican who supported La Follette in the last Presidential election. They are determined that no one shall say to them: "What is the Constitution between friends?"

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK of Boston raises its rediscount rate from 3½ to 4 per cent. An orgy of frantic selling breaks loose on the New York Stock Exchange, and some thousands of small speculators emerge from that sublimest of modern temples, clad lightly in one suspender. Tuesday, the 10th of November, witnessed the biggest day, registered in shares sold, ever known in Wall Street, and the average decline was between 10 and 20 points. This was by no means a panic, but a lot of small platters, with here and there a big one, must have been licked clean. What an infinitely charming and fabulous mechanism our economic system is! A worried federal bank governor in Boston—for Mr. Harding has been through the mill on one memorable occasion before—decrees a one-half of 1 per cent advance in Boston paper, fearing over-inflation; and presto, New York security values drop by the tens of millions, and men turn homeward gaunt and desperate. For the shorn lambs we have no tears to waste, but we await with profound interest the shifting rates of discount registered by the Federal Reserve system. It is this same system which economists and statesmen have vowed to be our protecting wall against the invasions of the business cycle, with its ups of inflated booms and its downs of stagnation, misery, and breadlines. The usual swing which calls for a down has not yet come around—1921 is still too near. When it comes, will this little one-half of 1 per cent—up a peg, down a peg—save five million men from the streets?

THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY has just announced an advance in prices on all men's and women's fabrics containing worsted yarn. The advance ranges from 2½ to 12½ cents a yard, the average being about 6 cents. This is expected to increase the cost of a suit of clothes about 20 cents. But as one woolen manufacturer has pointed out, the garment trades figure their price changes in units not smaller than 50 cents. Thus if the garment trades are to pass the price boost on, it will be on a 50 cents basis rather than a 20. By the time you buy the suit it may be substantially more, for the retailer, and occasionally the jobber, have to move their margins up, again in round figures. While the consumer pays more for clothes, labor in the American Woolen Company has less to buy clothes with. About two months ago wages were reduced 10 per cent. So the American Woolen Company plays both ends against the middle. It forces manufacturing costs down, and forces the cost to the consumer up. At the same time the cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts are trying to play an equally discreditable game. Pleading the pressure of competition in the South, they are urging the repeal of the State's law restricting women's work to forty-eight hours a week. They want to return to a 10-hour day and night work for women. That is not the way to restore New England's waning industrial prosperity; or, if it is, the restoration is not worth accomplishing.

"IT IS OUR DUTY in college to disregard the individual and to turn out a Trinity type." These ringing words are quoted from a recent chapel address of the dean of Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut. If the dean went on to say what form he wished the Trinity type to take, he is not quoted, but it does not matter. For evidently he has not been quite successful as yet. Malcolm Stevenson, the editor of the weekly college paper, himself presumably not the Trinity type, ventured to criticize his dean. "Better a radical with a beard and a bomb," said this young gentleman rashly, "than a type—a goose-stepper—a man without brains enough or courage enough to declare himself." And for this criticism the rash Mr. Stevenson was suspended from Trinity for a month, probably on a diet of bread and water, although this was not made public. *The Nation* suggests that a better punishment would have been to make Mr. Stevenson stand with his face in the corner, after having written "I have been a rude boy" 500 times on his slate—corrections to be made with the eraser and not with the wetted finger. Dean Troxell must see that discipline is maintained, and since he is evidently interested in the discipline of the old first grade, where every little boy is to sit up straight and look like every other little boy, he should adopt a corresponding form of chastisement. Meanwhile, Mr. Stevenson will have his month of freedom, after which he may or may not return to Trinity; and Trinity may go on forming types without his disruptive influence.

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Those Grave-Robbing Taxes

THE untaxing of wealth goes merrily on. It is Secretary Mellon's favorite indoor sport. He has done well at lifting the burden of taxation off the groaning shoulders of our live captains of industry and now he proposes to take it off the dead ones too. This, of course, is as it should be, and the governors of thirty-two States rally to the support of the Secretary; the "tax clubs" of Iowa and Texas (by an odd coincidence the home States of the leaders of the opposition to his scheme) descend on Washington to demand the repeal of the estate tax; business organizations shout themselves hoarse in the same good cause; metropolitan editorial pages bristle with raucous denunciations of these detestable and unwarranted grave-robbing taxes. So the Committee on Ways and Means gives ground.

Why all the pother? Because the federal government has since 1917 imposed a tax on large estates at the death of their owners. Receipts from this source during the period 1920-24 have varied between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000 annually. Preliminary returns for the calendar year 1924 show 12,403 resident decedents with a gross estate of two and a third billions, a taxable estate of a billion and a quarter, and a tax something over $100,000,000 at the average rate of about 8 per cent on the taxable estate, or less than 4½ on the gross estate. Under the present law estates are wholly exempt up to $50,000; between that figure and $100,000 they pay one per cent; and above $100,000 the tax rises gradually to a maximum of 40 per cent on that part of the estate which is in excess of $10,000,000. The tax is distinctly a tax on the rich, and this tax the Secretary proposes to repeal. Nearly every State, with the conspicuous exception of that constitution-bound real-estate paradise Florida, has its own inheritance tax in addition, but the federal government grants a rebate, up to 25 per cent of the federal tax, for payments of State inheritance taxes. Naturally enough, the States want the inheritance taxes as a source of revenue for themselves.

There is something to be said for the repeal of the federal estate tax, but most of the arguments that have actually been put forward would make a dog laugh. Last year, for example, Secretary Mellon, apparently with the efficient collaboration of his office-boy as statistician and heavy thinker, produced a book on taxation that was freely presented to the populace. At page 119 we learned to our grief that if all inheritances were taxed at 40 per cent "it would then be only two or three generations until private ownership of property would cease to exist"! But sadder yet, as the government uses the tax for current purposes, "the result would be not that the government had absorbed the wealth of the country, but that the wealth had been spent and none was left"! And such driveling nonsense was acclaimed by the press and the business community as economic statesmanship—but a recalcitrant Congress pushed the maximum estate tax up from 25 per cent to the fatal 40.

Unhappily for the gaiety of nations this particular argument has disappeared out of the Secretary's boilerplate, but from a prayerful perusal of his surviving publicity we learn that men will not try to build up large fortunes just to have them taken away from their families at death. This is too bad too. Of course a few of us will still modestly try, perhaps, to leave to our descendants that untaxable $50,000, and will imagine in our simple ignorance that the inheritor of a $10,000,000 estate will have a comfortable nest-egg in the nearly seven and a half millions he will have left after paying the tax, while a $20,000,000 estate will still yield the heirs almost $13,500,000 after a rapacious government has taken its 40 per cent; but we sorrowfully confess that the Secretary is a better authority on the psychology of rich men than we are, and if he says that they won't work and save under those conditions, then they won't. Meanwhile our thoughts revert, however, to the two and a third billions of property that passed at death last year, and we recall that the grave robbers got but $103,000,000. Then our mind turns to David Friday, who has had the temerity to estimate that in the face of such confiscatory and destructive taxation the wrong-headed American people were actually guilty of saving $12,000,000,000 in 1923. What can a harassed Secretary do with such a people? In sober fact, saving in the United States is going forward today at an unexampled rate. Mr. Mellon's suggestion that the estate tax or any other existing tax is causing or threatening to cause inadequate saving is plain unadulterated nonsense, as the facts abundantly prove. That aside, he has no argument whatever, except for some ill-fated excursions into the field of an economic theory that he does not understand. Lacking argument, he simply shouts that the taxes he dislikes are ruining business, or are going to do so the day after tomorrow, and all his faithful echoes take up the shout. It is all a matter of assertion, catchwords, formulas, based on the ignorance and the prejudices of a lifetime devoted to the eager pursuit of dollars.

Mr. Mellon has not produced, and cannot produce, a scrap of evidence to show that the repeal of the estate tax or the cutting of the surtaxes to his beloved and sacred 25 per cent maximum—by the way, it's 20 per cent this year—would have any substantial effect in reducing the cost of living, which is the bait held out to the small taxpayer to induce him to shift the tax load from the rich man's shoulders to his own. The question is simple. The taxes have got to come from somewhere. Shall we get this particular hundred millions from the tax on large estates or from a tax on the little fellows? Secretary Mellon has a mystical and fanatical faith that it is somehow better for the little fellow to take it from him; but in the nature of the case he cannot prove it, because it is not so.

Why not leave the inheritance tax to the States? Because State competition in taxation will prevent its intelligent use to the legitimate ends of democratic social policy. The federal government can avoid robbing the States of this source of revenue by extending its present system of credit for State inheritance taxes or by adopting the scheme suggested by Professor E. R. A. Seligman of distributing to the States at least part of the proceeds of the federal tax. That great tax authority hit the nail on the head as usual in declaring that the Secretary was attaching too great comparative importance to purely business considerations, and that an inheritance tax is part of the machinery of a democracy. Let people decide where they stand. Mr. Mellon honestly believes that the way to make everybody

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prosperous is to build up big individual fortunes, whose owners then will provide capital. Let his fellow idol-worshipers support him in trying to repeal the estate tax, for it is certain to be used in opposition to that theory. But students who have actually studied present tendencies in capital accumulation in the United States and have discovered the possibilities of economic progress and general well-being involved in high wages and widespread saving power will feel no need of allowing inheritance to do its perfect work in helping forward the concentration of wealth. Rather they are likely to agree with our two outstanding older orthodox economists, Professor Seligman and Professor Taussig, of Harvard University, both of whom are on record as favoring a federal tax, with distribution to the States. Taxation is not solely a matter of business.

The Infant Muse

NATHALIA CRANE, twelve-year-old Brooklyn poet, is once more figuring in the newspapers. Two years ago her first volume, "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems," attracted considerable attention, and now the appearance of "Lava Lane" is made the occasion of a rather unedifying row. Acting upon the principle that even the best poetry is not news but that almost anything else is, a Brooklyn newspaper challenged Nathalia's father to prove that she was the author of the verses in question and then, according to her publisher, proceeded to create more news by causing legal investigation to be instituted into her father's disposal of her earnings. As a result Mr. Crane dismisses as palpably absurd the report that $10,000 was received for the British rights to his daughter's poems, declaring that $433 was actually paid as royalties.

Now, even $433 is a rather remarkable sum as the royalties of poets go, but we are sufficiently familiar with poets to know that their incomes are never worth discussing. We are, however, interested in poetry; we have read Nathalia's effusions; and we would be willing to take a large wager that her verses are her own. Our conviction rests upon the internal evidence of the poems. To those who say that they are too good to have been written by a child we would reply that they are, on the contrary, too good—at least in their own peculiar way—to have been written by anybody else.

Nathalia has certainly read the poets. Her diction, often highly artificial and always exact, is distinctly literary, and her manner obviously owes something to those contemporary poets whose admiration for wit has set them studying the seventeenth and eighteenth century masters. She is sophisticated and ironical, but the materials upon which she works are experiences possible to a precocious child, and the result is a curious sort of naivete which mocks itself. One perceives in them a sort of double personality, one-half of which is a child quite frankly absorbed in childish things and the other half an adult who smiles at the immaturity of her twin.

Take, for example, some verses from her first volume. They are in her lightest vein; they contain none of the more serious touches observable in some other poems, and they are no more than pleasantly amusing; but they do reveal a curiously sophisticated self-mockery. The poet in company with a seven-year-old friend has gone to make a purchase in a Flatbush store, but they are overwhelmed with the gallantry of a handsome clerk.

> He smiled at us, we smiled at him,
> And then we went away;
> We were so captivated, yes,
> That we forgot to pay.
>
> Of course we could have sauntered back,
> And settled, don't you see,
> But oh, we could not stain romance
> With monetary fee.

We are not, let it be understood, attempting to set any exalted valuation upon the verses of this youthful poetess or risking any predictions as to her future. We are merely expressing our belief that the verses are the genuine writings of a child who is more interesting than most infant prodigies. She has produced two volumes which at least deserve to stand as interesting literary curiosities, and she has a right to develop in whatever supernormal or merely normal manner may come to her without being disturbed from the outside. Writing verses is not a crime which lays one liable to either cross-examination or investigation by a lunacy commission, and as for the money involved, no poet's income is, as we suggested before, worth judicial inquiry. She who wrote in My Husbands:

> I hear my husbands marching
> The aeons all adown;
> The shepherd boys and princes—
> From cavern unto crown.
>
> I hear in soft recession
> The praise they give to me;
> I hear them chant my titles
> From all antiquity,

can look after herself.

Loyalties—By Air and on Sea

WERE John Galsworthy following the Mitchell court martial he would surely be tempted to another version of his "Loyalties." For here we have the testimony of the widow of Commander Lansdowne of the ill-fated Shenandoah that Captain Paul J. Foley, the technical aide of Secretary Wilbur himself, and judge advocate of the court of inquiry into the Shenandoah disaster, endeavored to influence her testimony. First there came to her Captain Walter Gherardi, long known as a gallant gentleman and officer, urging her to modify her first harsh but truthful criticism of Secretary Wilbur and the Navy Department the day after the disaster, apparently in the effort to protect Secretary Wilbur from the consequences of his monumental falsehood that Commander Lansdowne had never protested in person or by letter to him or anyone in the Department against sending the Shenandoah on its fatal trip. Then appeared Captain Foley, who not only tried to suggest to her what attitude she should take before the court of inquiry but through the medium of another officer's wife—a medium not original with him—gave to Mrs. Lansdowne a written statement for her to sign and to present to the court martial. This she tore up because it contained several statements which she considered to be inaccurate. It is so grave a charge that Captain Foley properly resigned from the court of inquiry. He has also denied the charge on the witness stand.

There is nothing inherently improbable in the story. Far from it. The bonds of loyalties are nowhere so tight

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and so difficult to escape from as in army or navy. There lies the chief offense of Colonel Mitchell. Insubordination is what they charge him with, but his real crime is that he went back on the system and forgot the traditional professional loyalty—that loyalty which in the navy has saved many a man who ran his ship aground, and in the army many an officer who merited dismissal but was a good fellow with a wife and children to support. These are loyalties not unknown in civil life by any means, but they are fealties that are more deadly in such close corporations as the army and navy, with all their inherited prejudices, customs, and traditions.

Colonel Mitchell has not only attacked the system but he has made it possible for officers to appear before the court martial and speak out. We have read numerous court-martial proceedings in our time, but we do not recall a case like that of Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Schauffler, who testified that he had flown 500 feet above the enemy's lines because "the fliers snapped their fingers at anti-aircraft fire." To this General Howze, president of the court, replied: "Now, we were all in France, Colonel Schauffler, and we never saw a plane flying as low as 500 feet." Quick as a flash came the retort: "Then you must have been down in your dugout." True, Lieutenant Colonel Schauffler is only a reserve officer, but even a reserve officer would not have dared to speak thus to a real major general a short time ago.

Other officers who are still active have spoken out with amazing frankness. They have declared that no fewer than 517 flying officers and men have been killed since the war, nearly all because of inadequate equipment or defective machines. They have told the story of one officer being deliberately sent to his death by the commander of a flying field who objected to so many forced landings. They have sworn that if the present rate of casualties keeps up not a single officer of the present corps will be alive twenty years from now. They have even gone so far as to make the gravest possible charge against the Assistant Chief of Staff, General Hugh A. Drum, namely, that he presented to a committee of Congress a report which he knew to be false because it was full of glaring inaccuracies and misstatements, so full that other officers would not touch it.

It is a shocking, an almost incredibly shocking, story which is being revealed day by day before the court martial in Washington. To the credit of that body we must record the fact that it has thrown the doors open wide and that it has not, as we feared, restricted the testimony merely to the question of the insubordination of Colonel Mitchell. That has become a minor incident; it is forgotten in the face of the testimony against the War Department. Already the army stands convicted beyond peradventure of waste of public funds, maladministration, and gross inefficiency. All of this is bound to have a wide repercussion both in and out of Congress. Reports from the West tell us that the people are stirred by what is coming out, as they were not over the far more important and sinister revelations in the oil scandals as to corruption in the civilian side of the government. As our readers are aware, we are not the least bit interested in the military results the inquiry may have; we are for abolishing the whole damnable business of preparing for mass murder. But we do rejoice wholeheartedly that some of the facts as to how the army and navy are being conducted by our professional soldiers who seek to militarize our nation are seeing the light.

The Baby of Courbeck Loo

THE Charteris incident has stirred people's memories as well as their ire. Thus the Glasgow *Forward* is disgusted by the hypocritical comment of the London *Daily Mail* upon the Charteris case that "The special feature of the British propaganda was that it told the truth. Great care was taken in obtaining facts and rectifying them." It reprints a delightful statement by a former *Daily Mail* correspondent, a Captain Wilson. This appeared in *The Crusader* of February 24, 1922, as follows:

> The *Daily Mail* telegraphed out that they wanted stories of atrocities. Well, they had not any atrocities at that time. So then they telegraphed out that they wanted stories of refugees. There was a little town outside Brussels where one went to get dinner—a very good dinner too. I heard the Hun had been there. So I wrote a heart-rending story about the baby of Courbeck Loo being rescued from the Hun in the light of the burning homesteads. The next day they telegraphed me to send the baby along, as they had about 5,000 letters offering to adopt it. The day after that baby clothes began to pour into the office. Even Queen Alexandra wired her sympathy, and sent some clothes. Well, I couldn't wire back to say there wasn't a baby. So I finally arranged with the doctor that took care of the refugees that the blessed baby died of some very contagious disease, so it couldn't have a public burial.

And he got Lady Northcliffe to start a creche with all the baby clothes, concludes the account.

Since the end always justifies the means in war time the baby creche undoubtedly paid for the invention of that touching baby of Courbeck Loo. And now the *Daily Mail* and all the Rothermere-Beaverbrook newspapers, which were the chief liars during the war, are howling for a parliamentary inquiry into General Charteris's allegations.

The town of Dumfries, which is represented in Parliament by General Charteris, also writes the Glasgow *Forward*, has before this had some experience with war lies. Early in the war much publicity was given to the case of a Dumfries nurse in the army. The press said the poor thing had had both her breasts cut off in Belgium by some bestial "Huns." Naturally, all Dumfries saw red and its boys flocked to the recruiting stations—until the outraged nurse in question, who happened to be not in Belgium but in the good British town of Huddersfield, read the story of her mutilation and telegraphed a denial. That was bad taste, we admit; had she been a true patriot, she must have acquiesced in the loss of her breasts. Some curious personal pride in the perfection of her anatomy kept her from assenting. But the London *Times* was equal to the occasion. It pointed out that this outrageous journalistic carving-up of an entirely complete British woman was due to a story circulated by a German spy!

Even the New York *Tribune* now concedes that the atrocity business was faked. At least in its issue of November 15 it allowed its London correspondent to say that a few months ago General Charteris's indiscretion would have been bluffed out on the ground that all is fair in war. Today, he declares, "with a more or less shame-faced recognition that all the belligerents told a pack of lies during the war there is anxiety that this country should not stand out as the champion liar of the war." Hence there is even the belated admission of the truth of Admiral Sims's statement that stories of German submarine atrocities were greatly exaggerated. Thus truth, crushed, rises again.

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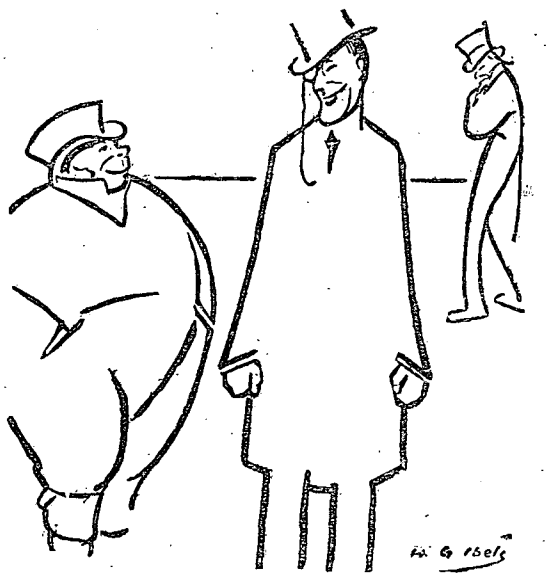
The See-Saw in France

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, October 19

THE congress of the Radical Party, which ended yesterday at Nice, showed that the great majority of the party is, on the one hand, dissatisfied with the general policy hitherto pursued by the present Government, and, on the other hand, determined to revive, if possible, the "Cartel des Gauches." It will not be the fault of the Radicals if the alliance with the Socialists is not resumed. On the two important points that caused the Socialists to withdraw their support from the Painlevé Cabinet—Morocco and the financial question—the congress adopted the Socialist point of view. It called on the Government to declare its willingness to grant the Riff "the widest political, administrative, and commercial autonomy within the limits of the international treaties" concerning Morocco, and it defined the financial principles of the Radical Party as being: (1) The predominance of direct over indirect taxation; (2) a progressive income tax; (3) a special tax on all forms of capital. Further the congress called on Radicals in Parliament to support only a government resolved to apply without hesitation the program of the "Cartel des Gauches" and thus to exclude from its majority the members of the "Bloc National."



From *l'Ère nouvelle*

AFTER LOCARNO

"Satisfied, John Bull?"
"Yes, but what does Uncle Sam say?"

Thus, although the Radical congress has not declared against the present Government, it has not given the Government its confidence. The Government is put, so to speak, on its good behavior. At the end of the last session the Government was saved from defeat on a question of confidence by votes of the Center and the Right against the great majority of the Radicals and the whole of the Socialists. The Nice congress says in effect that the Government must not do it again or the Radical Party will go into opposition.

M. Painlevé's speech at the closing banquet of the congress yesterday, at which he was invited to preside, although he is not a member of the Radical Party—he belongs to the "Republican Socialist" group—suggests that he at any rate is ready to fall into line with the program of the congress. Whether the "Cartel des Gauches" can be resuscitated depends on the Socialists. If the Socialists continue to refuse their support to the Government, the latter will have no majority without votes from the "Bloc National." In that case M. Herriot expressed definitely his opinion that the Government should resign, and there is no doubt that the great majority of the congress agreed with him. It is possible that, if the support of the Socialists cannot be obtained for the present Cabinet, M. Painlevé will resign and then form a new Cabinet more definitely to the Left. M. Herriot is unlikely again to become Prime Minister, but another possibility is a revival of the Herriot Cabinet or something very like it under some other Radical Prime Minister such as René Renoult. There is also the possibility that the Socialists will refuse to revive the "Cartel" on any terms and that a "Cabinet of Concentration" will be formed, but that seems to me improbable. The feeling of the country is so plainly on the Left that a Center Government could not long survive. Moreover almost the only political leader capable of forming one is M. Briand, and it is unlikely that he would be willing. He knows which way the wind is blowing. I doubt whether he would consent to become Prime Minister except as head of a Government of the Left with the support of the Socialists. Even after the resignation of M. Herriot he made the support of the Socialists a condition of accepting the premiership and refused it because that support was not forthcoming. He has more reason to make the same condition now, when the various local elections held this year have confirmed the victory of the Left at the general election in May, 1924. The difficulties of the Painlevé Cabinet are mainly due to the fact that it was formed before the municipal elections, which everybody then expected to be a setback to the parties of the Left. For that reason a policy was adopted calculated to appease the moderate electors. The result of the municipal elections was a great victory for the Left, and the Painlevé Cabinet was put in a false position.

Perhaps it would be easier for another Prime Minister to redress the situation. The liquidation of the Riffian adventure is the most urgent necessity. It is now plain that there is no likelihood of finishing the war this year. The French troops will have to go into winter quarters to start again in the spring, and the campaign is likely to be a long one. Curiously enough, although the war is very unpopular, there is less open protest against it than in its earlier stages. This may be partly because the partial Franco-Spanish successes have produced an excessive optimism and a belief that the war will soon be finished, but probably more because the French people are so exhausted and so morally anemic that they seem incapable of any reaction.

The terms of peace offered to Abd-el-Krim are far from guaranteeing the Riff such an autonomy as the Radical congress has demanded. They are so vague that the offer was a farce. Who, for instance, is to supply the police force mentioned in the terms? Presumably the French, in which case France would have something like a joint protectorate with Spain over the Riff. It is probable that Abd-el-Krim would now abandon his demand for complete independence if he were offered a genuine autonomy, extending to everything except foreign relations. The French objection to giv-

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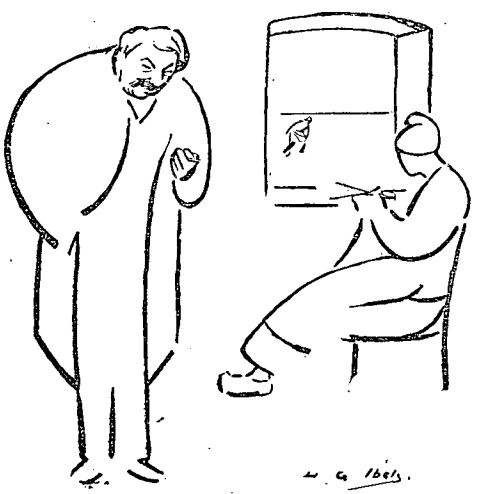
ing the Riff complete independence, including separate relations with foreign countries, is that it might lead to the introduction of some other Power—Italy is, of course, the Power indicated—into Morocco. But there is no valid objection to granting complete autonomy, short of the control of foreign relations.

The difficulty between M. Caillaux and the Socialists arises from the opposition of the former to a capital levy, which he frankly expressed at the Nice congress, although the majority of the delegates were evidently against him and agreed with the Socialists on this point. In the resolution finally adopted and accepted by M. Caillaux the term "capital levy" was not used and, as I have said, that of a "special tax on capital" was substituted for it. M. Caillaux opposes a capital levy, not for any reason of principle but because he believes that it is not practicable. In my opinion, he is probably right, and in any case a special additional tax on incomes derived from invested capital, which M. Caillaux is prepared to accept, would serve the same purpose. A capital levy is merely a way of compounding income tax.

The member of the Government whom nobody criticizes at this moment is M. Briand, who has returned from Locarno with the laurels of victory—a pacific victory. It is, of course, in itself a great gain that Germany has at last been admitted to a conference on terms of equality. The Western Pact will be chiefly valuable in so far as it inaugurates a new policy and a new spirit, and leads to a practical revision of the Treaty of Versailles. If it has not those results its value will be smaller. The pact puts England in the position in which she should have been in 1914—that of taking sides against whichever party is guilty of an aggression—and a definition of aggression is provided by the agreement to submit all disputes to arbitration.

This is much, but nevertheless a change of spirit is essential and, although it is needed both in France and Germany, the need is greater here. The latest example of the temper that prevails is the outcry against the invitation given by the Minister of Education to a German professor to follow as an observer the classes in some Parisian lycées. The protests both from professors and pupils were such that the arrangement had to be abandoned. In Germany Frenchmen are being appointed to lectureships in the universities. Of one thing I have become quite certain since I returned to France seven months ago—hatred of Germany is more widespread and, above all, more deep-seated here than is hatred of France in Germany. It may be hoped that the Western Pact, by relaxing the tension between the two countries and giving the French a sense of security, will gradually bring about a change for the better.



From *l'Ère nouvelle*

BRIAND-LA-PAIX

Anthracite Country

I. The Patch

By ANNE HARD

BLUE-BLACK against the sky, pyramidal, looming—the "culm." Unleafed scrub, purple in long ridges; suddenly torn downward, shelving hundreds of feet in wide bands clay-yellow beside black and clay-yellow again—the "strippings." Long, deep valleys torn by terrific eruptions in which, deadly black, lie sodden marshes—the "drift." Weather-worn gray in twos or rows, in twos or rows the "Pennsylvania" red; now and then a forlorn tree or two; wooden fences, picket or board; a scatter of geese; wind-blown chickens; a bit of garden or an occasional vine—"the patch." A wagon goes down the road, a wagon curtained and weathered as the patch. It is the prized alternative to the company store for the marketing miner's wife. Over the ridges lie the towns—fine cities like Scranton, dyed to the tip of her tallest spire with the black of the mines' dust. Fine towns like Hazleton, clean, brisk Hazleton, with her Broad Street lined with shops of as pretty things as any fine lady need to wear, flowered satin comforts and pink blankets for the cold, furs and fruit and the latest pictorial magazines, taxis and glittering cinemas. Dingy towns like Pottsville, brilliant towns like Sunbury, crowded places like "Shenandor"—as they call Shenandoah in the patch. In that town there are three churches, in this town six. Side by side in the same town are the thin spire with its single-armed cross of the Roman Catholic, the onion-dome with its double cross and the onion dome with its Greek cross of the Greek and the Slavish, and the flat spire of the Lutheran. "Why," said the Greek priest, "do they quarrel so among themselves but unite in the union?"

And they are united in the union. There is no question about that. Even the women, the older women, the miners' women, who have no voice about anything at all in the affairs of their men. Perhaps that is the reason. For it is a man's world, this world of the anthracite country. Titan struggle tore those hills to shreds, heaped those rocks, bored seven stories deep below. Struggle with nature duplicated by struggle with one's fellow-man. Rough men doing rough jobs, getting from their women hard-won help. No frills here: cooked food, a help with washing the man's back when, just up from the mine, he sits in the round tub, tin or wood; a sponge-off with blackish-green "sand-soap"; a clean shirt; hot broth when he's laid up; and always the unexpressed confidence of the simple.

But unity is not merely bound up in this confidence. It exists because they—these women—have a memory of their own childhood, of their own fathers in the mines, of their mothers crying, of a scuffle of feet in the yard, and of moving away from the tiny two rooms they had called home, of a thousand incidents pitiable and terrible which the union has gradually fought away from them. Their attitude toward this strike, toward any strike into which the leaders may take them, is impossible to understand for one who looks at this situation of today with fresh eyes unenlightened by the family stories of these dwellers in the patch.

I left a town in which a fine bank, with its offices above, glorified the name of a certain absentee mine owner.

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His grandfather had scored out the valleys for miles about, and I stood upon a height with a miner I know and looked down at his terrible and enriching heritage. Beyond upon the further slope, tiny in the distance, were the weathered houses of his workers. And my miner friend pointed to one of them, quite clear because of its color, among the others.

"My mother lived for forty-nine years in that house," he said, "and when my father was killed in his mine, *he*" (bitterly he mentioned the name of the banker) "put her out in three days' time. Do you wonder I love him, and don't forget?"

There are thousands in the mines who have no traditions, but there are other thousands who have. It is a bitter tradition which the women do not talk much about but which they feel none the less keenly. Be sure that you can have no sense whatever of the reality of this strike as long as you regard it as a phenomenon unrelated to the history of this terrific country.

An American woman, daughter of a Polish mother, her children playing about the floor, other children off at school, pulled her bread out of the oven and laughed across at her husband. He had just stamped in, his black and white checked mackinaw open at the throat. He threw down on the shelf a fat rabbit he had shot. She passed a capable hand across a high white brow over blue eyes, straight nose, finely molded mouth. A beautiful woman. Her father was a miner, her husband is a miner, her son is a miner. She has been married twenty-three years and she looks not a day over thirty. She has two rooms downstairs and two rooms up. Her stove is black in its ironwork and white in its enamel and shiny in its nickel plate. She has cooked and cleaned and nursed and watched. Her brothers went to work at eleven years of age. Her son at eighteen. It is a step. She thanks the union. She is inarticulate but understanding. She knew—they all or nearly all of them sensed, even last spring—that this might be a trying winter. She has canned the beans from her tiny vegetable garden. She will have two geese for Christmas and all her relatives will come. Twenty-three will sit down, the grown-ups first and the children after. Chickens, too, will help out for Christmas. Strike or no strike, there will be that dinner.

An American woman whose father and mother came to this country from Italy when she was a baby draws the water from outside, cleans the lamps, and tends the coal stove—but she bakes bread in great brick ovens in the yard, fourteen loaves at a time, bread the height of three ordinary loaves, bread that melts in the mouth, bread golden of crust and fleecy soft within like a veritable food of angels. She feeds it to the babies, along with thin slices of wonderful Italian cheese formed into a flattened pineapple, moldy without but bursting from its wrappings into fine flecks of perfect cheesiness. Another handsome woman. Another capable and determined and perfectly assured woman, though her husband has been at home now for four months with a leg broken in a slip of rock in the mine.

I cannot imagine these women being terrified; they were born and reared in the atmosphere of terror and it has lost its salt for them. Women who from babyhood have seen the men brought home maimed, agonized, dying from any one of a thousand unexpected causes, with any one of a thousand inescapable consequences, are not given to hysterical speculation about a simple lay-off due to a strike.

The younger generation? That may be different. For one thing, there are those magnificent schoolhouses where the girls and boys of the miners' families spend the years from nine or ten or eleven to sixteen or eighteen that their fathers had to wear out in the breakers. You will see the motion-picture houses packed in the mining towns, even during this strike, and you will see autos drawn up by those old weathered houses, and you will see fine fur coats and pretty clothes and dainty shoes on the miners' daughters. Not everywhere. But let your stern-browed ancient see only one and it is enough to damn the strike. One said to me: "You'll see them living in one of those terrible little houses and coming out dressed in fur coats."

One might argue that the miners' families have no choice but to live in the houses which they cannot buy and are obliged to rent if they would work. They get them cheap enough, from the five-or-six-dollars-a-month shanty, with no conveniences, yet with a curious picturesque charm inside, to the newer, plumbing-and-electricity-included, stark ugly houses at seventeen or eighteen. The girls are going to work for themselves in various mills and factories. The boys who leave the mines have left the patch, of course, and the boys who are now on strike are hopping freights to Baltimore, to the South, to El Dorado Florida.

I think the girl gets her fur coat for herself. For many of the old men of the mines, the Czechs, the "Slavish," keep their bank accounts safely tucked away beyond the knowledge of wife or daughter or son, under some strange name like "Crow" or "Owl." Not a cent of interest is touched.

There is yet no more than the usual tale of necessity—such cases as always occur from time to time in any community. The hard-luck stories are told by the local merchants who for some time before it began felt the strike in the curtailed expenditures of their regular customers. But as to actual suffering, both workers and merchants indignantly deny it.

Big "Slavish" women, shawled, carrying dish-pans of coal upon their heads, looking like Caryatids, easily walking; Italian women carrying home bundles of twigs for their brick ovens from the woods nearby; Irish and American women canning, cooking, washing again what has been washed too often already—they know how to manage, these women. They make possible to their men the liberty to follow their leaders in this strike.

Glacier

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Your cool, selective memory moving slow
Is a smooth glacier down a mountain pass.
All those who slipped and fell in a crevasse
To the long track's appointed end must go,
Set preciously in old moraine and snow
The coldly treasured jewels you amass
Borne in a frozen pageant under glass.
This is the valley where the ice will flow:
I who am dead but living wait that space
Though it be years until it come so far,
To see, intact in you, my own dead face.
Waiting for light from an extinguished star
Would be like this: my life is held in trust
Until I see that dead face turn to dust.

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Stockholm, 1925

By ROBERT C. FRANCIS

AMERICAN optimism may be a virtue or it may be a fault, but when it strays beyond the shores of its natural habitat it is likely to receive some hard knocks. The American delegates to the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work went to Stockholm this summer full of vague hopes. Just what became of those hopes between August 19 and 30 will never be known. It is certain that days before the conference was over these delegates were assuring one another that "after all the great thing is we have met." Now the people back home are being assured of this indisputable and not very glorious fact. Since the war, groups of business men from various countries have met and accomplished something. So have educators and politicians. Churchmen have arrived at the point of meeting one another. This was not, of course, the minimum degree of success possible. The conference might not have held physically together. One or more of the delegations might have left before it was over, as a few disgruntled individuals did. But that the conference did hold together is not to be marveled at. It was obviously and quite necessarily the concern of its leaders that it should. What is truly marvelous is that men and women who had hoped for so much should now rejoice in so little. Such is the invulnerability of American optimism.

The opening service in the Storkyrkan, or Cathedral, will probably be remembered after many of the other sessions have been forgotten. Against a background of noble architecture and music, and in the presence of a large, distinguished audience, the King and Queen of Sweden with other members of the royal family passed slowly down the central aisle to their seats near the altar, followed at a short distance by the most remarkable ecclesiastical procession we had ever seen. Bishops and archbishops, patriarchs and metropolitans from many countries and communions, with their miters, croziers, robes, and crowns. It was as if the history of the medieval church had come to life, and characters from various chapters had formed this procession for the instruction of a later age. There were faces and figures, too, as well as vestments which seemed to belong somewhere between Constantine and the Reformation. No one could look at this solemn pageant unmoved, but the emotions aroused in the audience may well have been diverse. One young delegate from America was fascinated by the ugliness of the spectacle. The longer he watched the uglier the whole affair became until the force of the impression grew almost unbearable. Amusement came as a relief. Here was a personage with a golden crown and scepter, wearing a golden robe whose train was carried by a hardly less gorgeous fellow-cleric. There near the end of the line came Bishop Brent and Bishop Cannon marching together, the former looking much at home in his episcopal robes, the latter pitifully naked in a mere cutaway. After some fine music and a sermon the procession, in which the whole audience now joined, moved out of the cathedral. As the delegates filed through the crowd on their way next door to the royal palace for further ceremonies the general observation was passed about that the conference had enjoyed a most auspicious beginning.

In the regular sessions which began the next day we soon became aware of a continued effort to have the conference think and speak together. Having met it was assumed we must agree; but agreement usually meant reaching a lowest common denominator. This process was interfered with by the more spontaneous effort to be frank. The result was what usually happens when a person tries to sit in two unconnected chairs at the same time. We were too frank to agree, and we agreed too well to be utterly frank.

The feeling of lack of unity was partly due to the dissent of the German delegation. It was a delegation and not merely a group of delegates as the Americans were, for example. The Germans soon let it be known that they did not share the hope that had presumably brought us all to Stockholm—the hope of a better world here and now. They were as other-worldly as American fundamentalists, and they clung to this pessimistic attitude with a stubbornness that was now only wistful and now almost bitter. This frame of mind was not inexplicable. It reminded the rest of us of what Germany had passed through during the last decade, and it gave us hints now and then of that curious mixture of humiliation, revolt, resignation, and perplexity which is always the reward of the vanquished.

A lack of frankness was most felt where it could be least avoided. On the subject of birth control one passionate protest against our would-be unanimity aroused some applause, but apparently met a convincing response from a good German Frau who argued that the regulation of population, like other mysteries, should be left to God. The quest for unanimity on alcoholism was, of course, a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Americans were hampered, doubtless unconsciously, in their efforts to justify prohibition by the grand municipal banquet scheduled for that very evening at which most of them would join in the toasts with their brothers of other lands. Of course, advocacy of prohibition is not the same thing as the practice of total abstinence. But one does rather imply the other. The question of war, one would have supposed, would arouse both frankness and unanimity. That it did not was a real surprise. The conference condemned "the horrors of war" —as any group of experienced soldiers would have done during the past few millennia. Unanimity rather than frankness triumphed on the last day when the message of Stockholm to the world was presented for acceptance. Four diehard devotees of frankness prevented an absolute and technical victory of unanimity, but its moral victory was on this occasion assured.

If the attempt to capture both frankness and unanimity in the same net was doomed to fail, there were other failures that ought not to have been. Both distinguished thought and careful expression were noticeably absent. Many times the only escape from utter boredom was to stop trying to listen and to do some looking. The officials of the conference sat on the platform, possibly to facilitate this very thing. The Bishop of Winchester, head of the British delegation, would have been taken anywhere for an Anglican bishop—portly, white-haired, florid, with an habit-

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ual expression of sweet loftiness which lapsed only occasionally into vacancy. It was in his accustomed cheery, chirrupy voice that he remarked, "as our King George once said, the home is the foundation of the nation." Beside his lordship sat Dr. A. J. Brown, president of the American section, a capable presiding officer, but a disappointed-looking old man. Germanos, Metropolitan of Thyateira, probably enjoyed his place among the big four more than did the others, for it did not entail the burden of presiding. Several years of contacts with the West had taught him to leave most of his ecclesiastical paraphernalia at home, and the role of a frock-coated Occidental gave him obvious gratification.

But all of these men together did not attract as much attention as did Dr. Söderblom, Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of Sweden. In appearance he might have been one of those medieval cleric statesmen who ruled their monarchs along with their monarchs' kingdoms. His centrifugal, sandy hair emphasized the height and breadth of the forehead which often wore a frown when other faces, and sometimes his own, were smiling. Now he would sit back deep in his chair, projecting against the ceiling the problems and solutions which his mind bred. Or he was jumping up to hail a page for an errand which he alone had thought of. When he spoke, he graciously confined his thoughts and words to the three official languages of the conference. But he was too tactful to make a good presiding officer. In ticklish moments he would jiggle the gavel and look at us rather helplessly. What supreme diplomacy hesitancy can be! That the archbishop should have a medical degree with his others, and should also be something of a musician, seemed quite fitting. Clearly he was the real thing, although we had supposed that centuries had passed since the last of his kind had lived.

More serious than the absence of good speaking was the lack of spirituality. It was significant that Pastor Gounelle of France should have turned to the Germans in his address and pleaded with them for mutual love and trust. It was more significant that the Germans sat stolidly in their seats and refrained from any expression of emotion or their inmost thought.

What helped as much as anything to keep the morale of the conference at a low level was the greediness of speakers in regard to time. The incident of Bishop Cannon is typical. He was reading a paper on prohibition that was too long for the allotted time. He felt that the conference must hear all that he had to say, for the bishop is an ardent prohibitionist and most of the others were not. First the warning bell, then the final bell which means "positively no further." The bishop only quickens his speed. Ominous rumblings of feet. An old man calls out repeatedly "time, time, time." The bishop can no longer be heard, but he valiantly continues his fight against time. When he finally gives in, he tells us with a smile that he had just a few more sentences. There is applause. Why?

Fortunately no such incident marred the final session on August 29, which really touched the heights. The auditorium was crowded, for the Swedish Crown Prince, who had faithfully attended all the sessions, was to make a speech. Although it was a good speech and in excellent English, it did not prove to be the great event. Nor did the speech of any of the representatives of delegations. The great moment came near the close when the Archbishop of Upsala rose to speak. A minute before he had been seated in his chair, a magnificent picture of gloomy abstraction surrounded by a sea of standing, applauding, cheering humanity. Now he had risen slowly to his feet. Suddenly we saw the man. We saw that this conference was his. It was he who had dreamed it and labored for it with all his great powers. Now he was taking a last look at his creation, resolved to see it as it was and not as he had hoped it would be. We hoped that we did not appear too disappointing. We were sorry that we had not worked harder, sorry that we had ever been amused or bored. He spoke with wonderful gentleness as St. Francis must have talked to the birds, and Christ with little children. He was confessing our sins from which he did not claim exemption. "There has been much littleness, meanness in this conference." He was looking far ahead. "I do not know whether men in the future when they look back at this conference will call it great." He was standing watching us. The conference was over.

What were the results? Not a proclamation with which to return home and conquer the world but just some new problems with which to return home and struggle. And one of these problems is: Shall the next step be toward unanimity or frankness?

The Vegetarian and the Tiger

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

A THIN vegetarian was once gathering herbs in the forest when he met a tiger.

"Take care not to eat me," said the vegetarian. "It is wicked to destroy life."

"Bah!" roared the tiger.

"I understand what you mean," said the vegetarian, nervously. "Of course, in a certain sense, the herbs, too, have life. But meat-eating is very bad for the health."

"Bah!" roared the tiger a second time, coming closer.

"Yes," stammered the vegetarian, "you do seem to be in excellent health yourself. It is true I am a mere bag of bones. But in the next clearing is a stout beef-eating woodchopper who would make a delicious meal for you."

At this the tiger switched his tail contentedly and trotted off to the next clearing.

"See," said the vegetarian, "how virtue triumphs even over the wild beasts!"

Logic

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

A CLERGYMAN, a judge, and a banker met one morning on the corner of a public square. There they beheld a shabbily dressed man, seated on a bench, reading a book.

"That fellow must be a communist," said the judge.

"Yes, and a socialist too," said the banker.

"An anarchist as well," added the clergyman.

They hailed the president of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, who happened to be passing by.

"Yonder sits a communist, a socialist, and an anarchist, reading a lascivious book," they cried.

"How do you know it is a lascivious book?"

"Because," they answered, "he is a communist, an anarchist, and a socialist."

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Boston Insults Its Heroes

By R. L. LURIE

Boston, November 12

WE stand together on the Common watching the marchers as they tramp to the bandstand. Along Tremont Street the floats have been diverted and are being carried away to dismantlement and death. Before us march men and women, serious of face and expression, some young, some old, moving forward between silent spectators who occasionally are stirred to applause, more often to hissing. Banners, flags, slogans—"Law Not War," "War Is Hell," "War Is Not a Biologic Necessity," "My First Wish Is to See War Banished from the Earth—George Washington." A little girl bravely carries a placard. A group of sideline youngsters jeer her. She looks neither to right nor to left, and is gone. A pause as we wait for the next division. A voice behind me: "Most disgraceful thing that ever happened. Look at their faces. Not a regular he-man there, not one!" The speaker is tall, square-shouldered, with watery eyes, pugnacious jaw. A group of young men of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, robed in ancient classic style with legs bare, carry a miniature Greek temple to symbolize the age-old struggle for peace.

Indignation simmers down to sly comment as the Sargent School girls march into view. White middy blouses, blue serge bloomers, gymnasium costumes. Sturdy, healthy women marching to spirited, steady beat. Other detachments come by, more and more women, now young, now old and feeble, but all marching forward. A college delegation. Then, followed by a murmur of anger, and sheltered by a flag proudly borne, a compact mass whose slogans mark them as Socialists. "We believed in peace in 1917. We believe in it in 1925." "Workers of the World, Unite." A thick voice growls: "Yeller dogs. A hell of a Governor, Fuller, reviewing this parade!"

A forest of national flags, indicative of the membership of the League of Nations. Costume-clad representatives fenced in and guarded by aisles of ribbon. And now a delegation from a fundamentalist Bible school. More theologians behind, and then the steady beat of drums. Around the bend marches the Salvation Army band leading its section with stirring music. Here march the children.

Suddenly there is heard loud and harmonious singing of deep-throated men: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here! What the hell do we care, what the hell do we care"—endless repetition by a body of legionnaires who flock to seats before the bandstand. An amen of cat-calls. Enthusiastic, robust cheering. On the platform reporters move about with eager, pleased expressions.

The presiding officer of the meeting steps forward. He is strangely unperturbed as he faces the hostile crowd before him. Police stand about in wooden-soldier paralysis, facing the crowd. The chairman speaks of the significance of the day, of the cause for rejoicing at the armistice, of the great debt the nation owes to the dead, of the resolution that war must come no more. There is silence. Announcement is made that speakers will limit themselves to three minutes each, that veterans of the war, including German and Austrian, will be heard in the cause of peace. There is an instant uproar. The chairman pauses. The uproar continues, subsides. The chairman leans forward. "We will wait for the gentlemen to retire!" The veterans, encouraged by the police, withdraw loudly to a neighboring hill and its lonely sentinel, the Soldiers' Monument. There a sour-voiced singer yodels in praise of their valor. Harsh comment spiced with profanity is hurled at the "yellow dogs" and "Bolsheviks" below. Inspiration strikes some uniformed leaders. The men are marshaled into lines and are marched down toward the bandstand. The police head them off, and they commence a wide-diametered circular swing singing, yelling, jeering.

There seems danger of a riot, when an ex-soldier, shoulder-borne, shouts that they will have a meeting of their own. The encircling march continues. Darkness of night bitten into by the sharp teeth of the gleaming bandstand. The program finished, the leaders of the peace demonstration leave. Only the reporters and police remain—and part of the crowd. A rush by the protesters to the platform. A self-appointed chairman calls for quiet. He denounces the march of the people that afternoon through the streets of Boston as a shame and a disgrace. This day is the day of the veterans. He protests at its being taken away from them. He introduces a Gold Star Mother.

Chivalry instantly appears, every hat is removed, and the Gold Star Mother speaks.

"I believe in peace, as you all do. But this is your day. It is a day I couldn't bear to see used for any celebration of any sort except of the spirit of the boys here before me and those you left overseas.

"We didn't want to see today the banners of foreign countries massed in our streets. We want our boys; we want all our boys and nothing but our boys today. The people of the world don't even yet know what you suffered, and we must have Armistice Day for you boys. This must not happen again in Boston."

An answering roar of agreement. The emergency chairman reads a hastily drawn resolution:

> To the Patriotic Citizens of Boston:
>
> Resolved, That we, the war veterans of Boston, assembled on Boston Common, who viewed with a sense of shame and outrage the unforgivable insult cast not only upon us but on our own dead comrades sleeping in Flanders Fields by the parade through the streets of Boston and the demonstration on historic Boston Common this afternoon of the "peace-at-any-price" fanatics and the hundreds of misled individuals who participated—hereby resolve that
>
> We protest vigorously and declare that we, the men who fought and won the war for our beloved country, believe that Armistice Day is our day, because we won it by our blood, and never again do we want to see such a demonstration on this day as disgraced the fair name of Boston; because we want peace; peace with honor, protective peace, a peace that will warrant the respect and admiration of all men and all nations.

The insult cast upon them is recognized in one tremendous shout as the resolutions are adopted. The chairman takes his final slap at the peace parade: There had been no singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner"! Mentioned, it immediately rises in the air and the crowd joins uncertainly.

Fragments of the crowd pass by in heated argument. "Goddam right," shouts a voice, "The Mayor wouldn't review those yeller dogs. Jim Curley knows them all right!"

An old lady, hat askew, skirt trailing on the walk, turns and screams in shrill anger: "Jesus took his place! Jesus took his place!"

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter contemplates writing sometime a pretty little ballad; it will have for hero the author of some great work; the creation will be stolen by another, who will make his fortune out of it, and the real author will die in poverty bemoaning his lost masterpiece. The recent death of Hugh D'Arcy, who wrote "The Face on the Floor"—corrupted by prohibitionists to "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and put to a use that its author never even remotely intended—is merely another instance of this sort of misfortune. While the immortal ballad was being recited by thousands of young women in white dresses and with blue ribbons in their hair, Mr. D'Arcy was vainly trying to obtain his rightful royalties from the publisher. A cruel world, almost as cruel as the one pictured in the ballad itself.

* * * * *

MEMBERS of an older generation will remember how it began:

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there
That well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the Square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

The derision that greeted his poor appearance left our hero only a little sadder:

. . . Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud. . . .
Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise too;
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,
But I was, some four or five year back, say, give us another drink.

Duly fortified, he proceeded with his unhappy story. "I was a painter. . . . I saw the star of fame before my eyes."

And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

The Drifter's readers know the rest only too well. Young love returned and then betrayed: "The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead." And then the denouement:

That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while. . . .
Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here the picture of the face that drove me mad; . . .
Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man,
Then as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

* * * * *

A TOUCHING tale and certainly superior to the "Red Hot Mama, She's Some Charmer" style of ballad that the Drifter hears on every hand in these degenerate days. Those were the days when barrooms were barrooms, when honest sawdust covered the floor, when the free lunch filled many an empty stomach. A tramp with such a history today would not gain access to the company of gentlemen taking their leisure behind their convivial glasses; he would never compel the tear of pity. Even our estimate of immortal verse is different now. But fortunately, Mr. D'Arcy's ballad remains.

THE DRIFTER

Courtesy of Free Public Library Book

Correspondence

Walter Hines Page

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your publication of November 4 contained an article, Walter Hines Page, Patriot or Traitor.

The effect of Mr. Hendrick's biography as well as the memoirs of Viscount Grey reflects unfairly upon Dr. Page in that they leave out of consideration his very effective work in matters where there was a conflict between British and American interests.

Out of respect to Dr. Page's memory, and as one who represented a great many Americans whose shipments had been unlawfully seized, I wish to pay tribute to the very vigorous attitude Dr. Page took against the British Government in connection with violations of international law. Unfortunately, there appears little reference to this in Mr. Hendrick's biography, but I have no doubt that a record of the protests of the American Embassy in England would completely bear out this statement. Time and again the letters of Dr. Page were so strong in his protest and resentment at the violation of American rights that they were, perforce, toned down by Mr. Laughlin, of the embassy, in order better to accord with diplomatic procedure. In fact, unable to express himself as an ambassador with the vigor of his indignation, he accepted letters from American lawyers and representatives, not written in diplomatic language, and forwarded them to the British Foreign Office with a covering letter stating that the inclosures represented the position of the interests involved. This was continued until a time when, to my knowledge, the British Foreign Office returned a letter on the ground that it was contrary to diplomatic usage to address another government, even indirectly, in such vigorous or, I think the word was "insulting," fashion.

I know of no one engaged in the defense of American rights with the British Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, the Procurator General, or the British Prize Court who ever complained that he did not receive the most sympathetic and effective support from Dr. Page. And I know that he was continuously greatly exercised over the illegal actions of the British.

I find little of this in the work of Mr. Hendrick. In fact, I find many things that indicate the contrary, such as the anecdote about the Dacia. Having known Dr. Page intimately at the time, I have some doubt about these incidents because they were so directly contrary to the fighting spirit he showed in matters in which I personally was interested, among them, incidentally, the Wilhelmina case.

Page was pro-British, but beyond and above this, pro-American. Wilson's admonition of neutrality could hardly be expected to imply that an ambassador should not advise his own government and associates of his personal views, although it undoubtedly did imply that in those views he did not pretend to represent the United States and that those views should not be a matter of common knowledge. Dr. Page was fond of repeating the story of an American lawyer who, in talking about one of his cases with a representative of the British Foreign Office, was asked: "What is the use of a big navy unless you can use it to strangle the enemy?" To which the American responded: "What is the use of a big army unless you can use it to march through Belgium?"

I have stated here matters with which I was personally

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familiar. There may be many other things that reflect the other way, but both Mr. Hendrick's biography and the memoirs seem to me to reflect on Dr. Page, and this out of an excess of desire on the part of both writers to paint a picture which, in their view, would do him great honor. Those who know the other side should present the facts so that Americans may have a true picture.

New York, October 30 ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

Russian Agricultural Progress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So many other aspects of the Russian situation have been presented in your columns that it seems appropriate for a returning farmer to indicate what he considers significant. Taking a typical rayon, a geographical division which roughly approximates our county, I found that 93 per cent of the land was in the hands of the peasants. What is perhaps even more important than the actual increase in the amount of the peasant's land since the revolution is the fact that it has been given him in fewer and larger pieces, and because of its distance from the village has necessitated the removal of the peasants from the central village, laying the basis for a new order.

Gradually three processes have begun to define themselves in the reorganization of the peasants' life in this rayon:

1. The continuation of the old process of dividing the land into pieces, some near and some far from the village, so that each peasant should have a share in the good, the medium, and the poor land. Under this system the peasant actually leaves his village in the middle of the night to work the land far from the village, returning to work the nearby land the following day. At any time of the day or night you may see the peasants sleeping on the seats of their wagons, their camels or oxen or horses, as the case may be, ambling along undriven —for the only time for sleeping this plan of peasant production provides is during the drive to and from his land.

2. In the next stage, already well defined, the peasant takes part or all of his family with him to the far-away fields, camping there until that land is entirely worked before returning to the village. In dry steppe country, water must be hauled along with the tillage tools.

3. The third stage, which is just beginning, undoubtedly offers the ultimate solution of the problem. This is the breaking up of the old concentrated village into smaller artels or collectives which move out of the village group permanently and form smaller groups living right on the land, which is operated collectively. There has been a great increase in these artels during the last two years, as the peasants have come to realize the impossibility of continuing the individual operation of scattered pieces of land far removed from their homes.

The significance of this third process lies in the fact that, for the first time in history, economic conditions are forcing the peasants to cooperate as producers by the collective use of the land; that this movement is being worked out gradually by the peasant himself and is in no way the result of conscious propaganda by the Soviet Government, although they are encouraging it and helping to finance its development with long-term credits for machinery; and, finally, that it means that the old system of working the land from the village is changing into the American system of living on the land that is operated, but unlike the American farms the land is being operated by groups of farmers who, while working the land collectively, maintain their individual homes and lives and problems.

The Russian Reconstruction Farms, which has just been established this summer on 15,000 acres of land turned over to us by the Russian Government, and is building up a model demonstration farm to teach the peasants modern methods of agriculture, is in the center of the typical rayon of which I speak. It is being organized as the service station for these artels, providing education and material assistance to the peasants who are adopting this new system. The greatest contribution of this group will be in helping to demonstrate for the first time that the solution of the farm problem the world over lies not merely in cooperative buying and selling but in cooperative production.

New York, November 5 HAROLD M. WARE

Visas and Immigrants

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After I had prepared an article for *Service Talks*, in which appeared the sentence, "Thousands are emigrating, but America and the colonies cannot absorb them quickly enough," your editorial in the issue of October 7 came to my attention. In that editorial you indicate that Great Britain fell short of its immigrant quota in the year ended June 30, 1925. In order that I might not make an inaccurate statement, I checked this material and find that while a casual study of the statistics of the Labor Department would support the figures which you give, the truth is that while the number actually coming in to the country was below the quota figure, yet the number of visas issued equaled the full quota and persons holding unused ones are eligible for admission after June 30 in addition to the quota of the present year.

Philadelphia, October 9 J. M. SHAW,
Editor, *Service Talks*,
Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company

Drink and Modern Industry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It occurs to me that the revolt against prohibition is also a revolt against our present industrial order. Drinking, even in moderation, implies carefreeness, and there is no place for that in the order of things under industrialism. Workers have to be sober, rigid, and staid in their habits. Speed and efficiency give no quarter to anyone who wants to take the time to sip a glass of wine. They don't even permit a leisurely manner of eating.

New York, October 9 MORGAN MAYO

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ANNE HARD will send *The Nation* another report from the coal district.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES was formerly on the faculty of the University of Oregon.

ROBERT C. FRANCIS was an official delegate at the Stockholm conference which he describes in his article.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS wrote "A Spoon River Anthology," "Domesday Book," and other poems and novels.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and author of "The American Language."

ZONA GALE is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Birth."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of "Ghetto" and "Sun-Up."

DOROTHY GRAFFE is on the editorial staff of *The Nation*.

JAMES MURPHY was a British correspondent in Rome until last summer. The Fascist censorship made his work so difficult that he went to Paris, where, he writes, "we know much more about Italy than they do in Rome."

An important letter was sent last week to all the subscribers of The Nation. *If you have not received a copy, send a post card with your address to the Extension Department,* The Nation, *20 Vesey Street, New York.*

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Books and Plays

Walter Hines Page

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Saying that England's freedom was our own,
So he served England with our sovereignty,
And ripped the breeches for his lord to see
His faithful legs shamed by the cloth unsewn.
Smiles flickered. There were whispers from the throne—
About the stockings? Or the bended knee
Of shanks so shrunk with that diplomacy
Which told our secrets in an undertone
From a hand-guarded mouth? Still as of old
The High Fate has His jest, and may forswear
Peace for the eucharist, or a woman's hair.
But that servility and flatulence rolled
The drums and guns to thunder—was it fair
To have the idiot's tale by these retold?

First Glance

ALL that was said a few months ago about Robinson Jeffers will have to be said again with greater emphasis. For "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems" (Boni and Liveright: $3) not only contains those poems which, given an opportunity to strike the critical world, struck then so hard; it marches forth with several important new poems, one of which I am sure is a masterpiece. Tamar, The Coast-Range Christ, and Continent's End, to name only three of the earlier performances, made it clear enough that Mr. Jeffers was one who stopped at nothing in narrative because some powerful thing behind him pushed him on; that he had nothing to learn about the use of free verse in an extended poem; and that he commanded a dark, rich music which liked best to unroll itself in uncommonly long lines. Now, however, in The Tower Beyond Tragedy and certain other pieces he goes past all that to a point where he reveals the ideas which impel him. And, as might have been expected, they are interesting.

They are in reality one—which is enough for one man in one world. And this idea, unfortunately for the critic, cannot be stated in a few words of prose. Fortunately for the poet, it calls for and justifies epics and dramas. I got my first hint that it was statable at all in a short poem here called Night, and particularly in these lines:

Truly the spouting fountains of light, Antares, Arcturus,
Tire of their flow, they sing one song but they think silence.
The striding winter giant Orion shines and dreams darkness.
And life, the flicker of men and moths and the wolf on the hill,
Though furious for continuance, passionately feeding, passionately
Remaking itself upon its mates, remembers deep inward
The calm mother, the quietness of the womb and the egg,
The primal and the latter silences: dear Night it is memory
Prophesies, prophecy that remembers, the charm of the dark.
And I and my people, we are willing to love the fourscore years
Heartily; but as a sailor loves the sea, when the helm is for harbor.

This is far from being Mr. Jeffers at his best, but it is Mr. Jeffers saying what it is that he thinks about. He sees the universe, I believe, as a vast and utterly black cloud enveloping a small and intensely brilliant scene. Men walk that scene, unmindful of the cloud out of which they have stepped and into which they will step again, and they are not uninteresting. But the interesting thing is the whole—the dark and the light together.

The idea is not new, but it does not need to be. And Mr. Jeffers, since it is his own, makes his own titanic uses of it. It profoundly enriches those lyrics in which, standing in his stone tower on the coast of California, he sings submission to the night that stretches west over the Pacific and east up over the mountains. It builds the background for those narratives wherein great people grope half in sun and half in shade—Clytemnestra, Cassandra, and Orestes, for instance, in The Tower Beyond Tragedy, which is Mr. Jeffers's chief work to date and undoubtedly one of the great American poems. And it furnishes the energy out of which his various demonic characters—Tamar, California, Electra, Peace O'Farrell—draw their life. For, although no man or woman can fill the void of the world, yet some men and women try. Humanity, says Mr. Jeffers in Roan Stallion, is

The mold to break away from, the coal
To break into fire, the atom to be split.

Always with Mr. Jeffers, as with other major poets, humanity breaks into fire.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Vulgate

The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Two volumes. The Century Company. $10.

This is a large work, and of the utmost importance. It represents years of diligent labor by a highly competent philologian, and is packed with interesting stuff. In his first volume, after a preliminary survey of the field, the author presents chapters upon the American vocabulary, American proper names, American literary dialects, American style, American spelling, and American dictionaries. In his second, he devotes no less than 254 pages to the history of American pronunciation, and then adds a brief but valuable note upon American inflection and syntax. A bibliography follows, and an index of words. Altogether, the two volumes run to 732 pages, and there is scarcely a paragraph in them that does not show hard work and sound sense.

It is almost appalling, indeed, to think of the labor that must have gone into the volume on pronunciation. In this field, save for a few essays by C. H. Grandgent and a few scattered notes in periodicals, there was no literature at all, and so Mr. Krapp had to go to the sources—that is, to the early spelling books, dictionaries, and town records. The materials they offered were seldom complete and never wholly satisfactory. There were inconvenient gaps and even more inconvenient contradictions. Thus Mr. Krapp was thrown upon his patience and his wits. There are few evidences of these aids failing him. He stuck to his problems relentlessly, and nine times out of ten he solved them in the end. No one will ever write about American pronunciation hereafter without leaning upon him heavily. Nor about any of the other subjects he discusses. I point, as an example of his thoroughness in small things, to his pages on the familiar American euphemism, *darn*. Here his vast philological knowledge and his immense industry combine to dissipate a mystery that baffled even the staff of the New English Dictionary.

Like most academic writers upon American English, he is

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inclined to be conservative. That is to say, he believes that the differences between British English and American English are not many or important, and that they do not tend to increase. Here, I believe, he often goes beyond the plain facts—even beyond his own facts. For example, in discussing such doublets as *brakesman—brakeman, coal-hod—coal-scuttle,* and *workhouse—poorhouse,* he argues that "in most instances the words could be transferred from one list to the other without violence to what one might feel to be the proper character of either type of English." This is palpably not true, as Mr. Krapp will quickly discover if he gives attention to English reviews of current American books. It is, indeed, precisely such small differences that most violently irritate the English, and inspire them to their most furious denunciations of American usage. They bear it with equanimity when we call a quail a partridge—a gross and inexcusable piece of ignorance—but when we say "a quarter *of* six" instead of "a quarter *to* six," they are somehow lifted to high dudgeon. The incessant, ill-natured hammering of American books that goes on in the English reviews is chiefly caused, I believe, by this sensitiveness. The English feel that the abominable Yankee colonial is presuming to debauch the mother-tongue, and so they have at him. Certainly it is unwise to dismiss such differences as trivial. They may be so philologically, but their social importance is great—and language is a social matter quite as much as it is a matter of roots and inflections.

But here, of course, Mr. Krapp is entitled to his opinion, and that opinion must be heard with respect. He lays himself open to very few such challenges. The things he presents as facts are seldom open to question. His mountains of materials lie massively behind him; his conclusions are always reasonable, and often extremely shrewd. The chief defect of his two volumes lies in the gaps in them. His treatment of American surnames, for example, is cursory and unsatisfactory. What he has to say is obvious, and he overlooks much that is interesting. Nor is his discussion of literary dialects complete, save in the matter of Negro dialects. But such gaps are bound to show themselves in a work that ventures into a new field. The study of American English has just begun. Many men and women will have to labor at it before it is brought to order. They will all find invaluable aids in Mr. Krapp's pioneering.

H. L. MENCKEN

A Critical Creator

Other Provinces. By Carl Van Doren. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

"FOR the adventurous reader," says Mr. Van Doren in his preface, "nothing can be so exciting as to come upon a library of unwritten books. But that is exactly what ordinary existence is. At least it is to me. . . . Not for years have I talked with anyone without catching sight of a whole novel built up around him."

Mr. Van Doren now presents a group of these studies, everyone the center of a potential novel. His aim being "not to tell stories but to present characters," he gives the reader material to construct novels of his own. Rather, he writes the novels, everyone in its twoscore or fewer pages. Of the persons whom he submits, each one is that which he calls every living creature, namely the protagonist of some action. In The Shadow of a Triangle his method is to disclose the geometrical arrangement merely by the acts of the three Angles—acts of whose significance the Angles are unaware. From the moment in which the wife develops the tendency to defer to her husband in trivial matters of opinion, through her delight in having her suitor conquer her in the water games, and on to her swift, indignant choice of her husband when the other man worsts him in physical encounter, she and the two men, all instinctive creatures, sophisticated but not sensitized, move with but a low fraction of the awareness of their recorder. But in The Bitter Outline a man enters and chiefly lives within his own words; and through this study, which in purity and clarity is like an artist's proof, Mr. Van Doren has, with some soft acid, bitten upon his plate a figure as memorable as that of Ethan Frome—this stark New England figure, weak, near blindness, wifeless, fortuneless, sitting on the porch of his decaying farm, his look on his meadow and his swamp, and he, quiet, wise, reflective, measuring the pace of cloud shadows, absorbing the whole of "Jean Christophe," visited once by an aging woman whom he now divines to have loved him. "What pressure of life must have been called for to discipline him to this pitch of inconspicuousness!" In that moment of convalescence, in which he says that he finds it hard to forgive them that they have not let him die, there is etched an outline which will not be lost from the literature which contains it. In The Life and Death of a Dilemma the simple truth that character makes destiny is given a treatment which composes it as a fresh discovery.

These studies would not be so searching if into them there had not gone the critic's practiced power of beholding, the power to see a man in all his projections, body, mind, and spirit; and to discern what projection, or projections, may be working at a given moment. To discern thus, moreover, through having arrived at a balance of his own power of divination, so that his body does not try to appraise another's spirit, nor his mind the body of another. To have achieved such a balance is the rarest arrow in a critic's quiver, and for a creative writer, with his more sustained performance, it forms one great secret of that arc which he is or is not able to send curving from his hand straight to another's heart. This leisurely and appraising aim does not make for a crude zest, and there may be those who will in this work miss that zest, originally derived, perhaps, from spirited accounts of the chase and the barbecue. Such zest these sketches lack. But here is another enthusiasm, rising not so much from self-identification with the characters or from a creative brooding on their deeps as from that priceless flash of literary second sight without which no writer is great. Most nearly conceived with literary gusto are the brooding and irony and pity and joy in The Scholar, in The Barbarian, and in The Gypsy. For sheer charm these three little figures, emerging from so mysterious a marble, exceed anything in the book. And the Barbarian, protesting, at three, "I like to drown," and the Gypsy, chanting rapturously

> What care I for my new-wedded lord?
> I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsies-O,

are not less memorable than the controlled and almost meditative passion of the prophecy made for the Scholar, refusing, as prophecy should, either to triumph or to ache. It will not do to try to discern all that the race might have been spared if it could have had, in childhood, such cosmically understanding expositions as these; but at least a race so endowed might have started out with, and often gaily remembered, a gift that is, here, singularly like a light.

Self-identification is really used only in Burglar's Dark, and there emotionally communicated by the skilful rhythm of fear and reassurance, fear and reassurance, played in many keys. There is needed only the irony of The Last Heretic and In Search of a Majority to disclose in Mr. Van Doren that which his criticism has always revealed hardly less than has his former creative work, a fictionist who, if he cares as little as in this book to capture a more primitive power, will now set down some of the novels through which the human being perpetually wanders, and wanders in spirit as well as in body and in mind. There is waiting a fiction which will know deeper and more exquisite dealings than those which we now record; and in particular it will not be afraid of just such themes, and just such conclusions, as lie in both the Triangle and the Dilemma of this book. When that fiction comes it may very well be pitched in the key of these studies, entering not so

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much an aristocracy as an individualism in letters, selecting as delicately as if it were alive. Meanwhile this work moves in an area of superb detachment, a serene and never a bitter detachment—an area which literature may share with the sovereign creative level of behavior itself.

ZONA GALE

The Philosopher's Stone

The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HALF our available man-power going to waste day in and day out year after year; twenty out of us forty million workers either spending our days making useless and injurious things or standing idle because no man has hired us or beating the air with fruitless activity in industry and trade because of bad organization—such is Stuart Chase's picture of our industrial order, the order that is at once our despair and our hope. The sober-minded reader will probably declare at first that the picture must be exaggerated; as he examines Mr. Chase's calculations and estimates, he is not unlikely to conclude that the case is even worse than it is stated or, to put it more hopefully, that the possibilities of increased production through waste elimination are even greater than this.

Mr. Chase approaches the problem as an engineer and economist, not as a business builder, wherefore he may be without honor in some parts of his own country. He quotes Wesley Mitchell: "From the business standpoint the useful goods produced are merely by-products of the process of earning dividends." Every economist knows this, but it is not polite to say it in a world whose business slogan is service. Mr. Chase's own standard of waste is that of the functional society. Great savings are possible under our acquisitive society, but "back of these devices stand—like a great peak among the foothills—the possibilities of waste elimination and increased well-being in a society organized definitely and relentlessly for its own provisioning." Mr. Chase is much impressed with the achievements of planned organization during war time, but he is not advocating a socialistic or any other reconstruction of society. He is only applying to our existing scheme the economist's criterion: How far does it satisfy organically good wants with a minimum of painful effort?

The first great channel of waste is the consumption of bad and useless things. Mr. Chase is no stern moralist. In his functional society he still leaves room for soldiers, alcohol, tobacco, speculation, gambling, even vice and crime; but the commercial stimulation of such tastes and the consequent increased provision for their gratification he rightly denominates sheer waste. How much labor goes year by year into the production of such "illth," into useless military preparations, into harmful drugs, narcotics, and patent medicines, into adulteration, into institutionalized speculation and gambling, into quackery and get-rich-quick activities, into fashions artificially stimulated for profit, into super-luxuries and cheap imitations, into perverted professional service like that of the law-evading lawyer, into commercialized recreation and vice, into advertising that the advertising men themselves declare social waste? Mr. Chase locates some eight million such workers, and believes that there are two million more. Whoever would quarrel with his figures should try at what point to reduce his estimates; the exercise will at least prove stimulating, and Mr. Chase will not mind, for he has no illusion concerning his accuracy.

The loss of man-power through unemployment, labor turnover, strikes and lockouts, absenteeism, preventable accidents, and sickness has been much studied of late years. The figures are here brought together into another startling total of six million men constantly idle. Yet further, within industry itself, the industrial engineers, and notably the Committee on Waste of the Federated American Engineering Societies under the leadership of Mr. Hoover, have been digging up astonishing wastes due to faulty technique and management, the ratio of waste to production in six typical industries examined by Mr. Hoover's committee ranging from 30 to 50 per cent. The loss of man-power in the whole field of production figures out at no less than four and a half millions, with another two million workers whose labor in the field of distribution is wasted. This loss Mr. Hoover describes as the natural outgrowth of the competitive system, and as capable of prevention only by collective action. His words are not those of agitation and discontent but of thoughtful exhortation. Such also are the words of Mr. Chase as he brings together his figures into a single impressive total of at least twenty million man-years of wasted human energy per year, as he points out that we waste a full half of all our labor and our materials.

But what of it all? Just this. Even today, Mr. Chase insists, we are not producing enough to go round in terms of adequate food, shelter, clothing, and modest comforts. We are still short of subsistence as thus defined. Waste elimination would mean the possibility of raising every family above the line of economic insecurity without the necessity of dividing up or leveling down. But the removal of the dead hand of waste would mean not simply a flow of more materials.

> It is important because it holds out the promise of giving the spirit of man a chance to forget roast beef and bathrooms and boots, and to develop whatever creative impulses lie within. It provides a method for getting the chores done and out of the way in the morning with the afternoon free to read in the garret or go on a picnic or dance a new dance or sleep in the sun. It does not call for speeding up; it calls for speeding down. . . . It calls for the life more abundant—for living instead of existing.

To dream such a dream is to turn economics into poetry, which is all that makes it worth while.

And how shall the dream be made real? Mr. Chase does not answer, but he points to certain hopeful signs—to the cooperative movement cutting wastes in distribution, to the labor movement with its growing intelligence and responsibility concerning waste, to the governments making progress in all sorts of conservation, to Ontario with its giant-power system, "like a beacon on a hill," to the various groups working on community planning, to the studies of Mr. Hoover and his colleagues, to the growing cleavage between stock-and-bond business men like Judge Gary and engineer business men like Mr. Ford. Maybe, as he suggests, following Mr. Filene, men of the latter type will supersede the former, thus ushering in a sort of functional society while the radicals are still shouting for the abolition of the profits system. Maybe—if only enough men can come to dream the same dream with this economist-poet who ends his book with an apostrophe to rushing, roaring, wasting New York and a call for the scientists and statesmen of the future who shall "dig their hands and brains into this roaring wilderness—so finely wrought in isolated detail—and bring from it ordered cities, impounded waters, terraced and tended forests, the sweep of great transmission lines, clean rivers, workshops planned with the dignity of cathedrals, and the end of grime and poverty and despair." And the dreamer of today shall be the architect of tomorrow.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Sweet Out of Hard

Honey Out of the Rock. By Babette Deutsch. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THIS book of poems is aptly named. There is little softness and no dream-indulgence. Its sweetness has been drawn out of difficult and hard places. Its intuitions do not leap down like flame that glances and pierces: rather, like virile plants spiring out of dark earth, they press upward, drawing at the

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light. One feels here a spirit deeply rooted, yet responding subtly to the fluctuating forces about it. The inner, almost armored life remains uninvaded, but there is a shivering surface sensitiveness like that of a flowering rock.

Pose of any kind is alien to Babette Deutsch. Often, preoccupied with the intrinsic emotion, she gives too little thought to her presentation. This sometimes results in facile and worn expressions that are incongruous with her fresh and individual approach to life. But even the immature poems hold the definite contours of an original and forceful entity. In others, such as Old Women, there is trenchant power and a bitter irony:

> Rarely they rouse to gossip or complain
> As dozing bitches break their dreams to bark.

Marseillaise is threaded with a dark fire, and its explosive lines rock with the thud of heavy, implacable feet. As is evident in Capriccio, Miss Deutsch can, if she so wills, play adroitly, or, as Maxwell Bodenheim would put it, gracefully romp with words. But her chief concern is with the eternal values—with the movements of wind and sky, with love and birth, and especially with death. Her desire seems never to be completely divorced from fear. Though she holds tenaciously to love and all her pity is for valiant youth with "the tossed bright head of folly, the soft impatient hands," she is cognizant always of change and old age and decay. Even when, holding her unborn son, she awaits the light of a new dawn, her thought somberly traverses the quenching years to the final darkness of the moment when he, too, must die. Hers is not an outward but an ingoing vision. It is unblinking and direct, halted but not daunted by obstructions; nothing is permitted to interfere or divert to either side. Her steadfast concentration of purpose is almost like that of the blind. Even in her pictures of the objective world it is as though she perceived by an exquisite sensitivity of finger tips rather than by sight. Her consciousness revolves upon itself, poised, avidly possessive, and, with a slow and steady attraction like that of the earth, draws inward the life about its circle. The love poems are stripped, intrepidly seeking. In a low contralto she chants of love

> who would take hold
> Of the Beloved like wind and iron;
> To clasp, to keep, to search and environ.

But with all her candor she stands well back, affording us only a fortuitous glimpse—as when in an elevated train at night life glimmers and is lost again in the flowing windows. Always she feels for the "secret texture" of things. So she would force all secret doors, even of the Beloved's soul.

Though she notes parks "winter-plucked" and "bus tops swaying with awkward merriment," the abiding gestures of nature hold her graver attention.

> A cloud-puff is a milk-weed soberly
> Shredded by breezes with the fists of boys.

And, as if the mellowed and pastel colors of the fall became her, she draws September about her, as though it were a wind-blown scarf.

Of the sonnets several are very good; and her Biblical ballads move with a young and vigorous stride. (I hope, however, that she will not become ensnared by the sonnet form—whose beguiling rhythms are as destructive as a happiness that arrests the artist's growth by stroking him to sleep.)

Since her early book Babette Deutsch's tone has become more resonant and has achieved that timbre which distinguishes one voice from all other voices. Her presentation is sometimes inadequate to the richness of the content; but there is a quality of sure, unhurried growth which betokens a future greater stature. To quote from the last poem in the book, The Soul, her consciousness

> Knows its provinces.
> It has yet to adventure to the far frontiers.

LOLA RIDGE

Animals for Children

Tony Sarg's Wonder Zoo. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $1.
Tony Sarg's Book of Animals. Greenberg, Publisher, Inc. $2.
The Jungle Man and His Animals. By Cravath Wells. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Duffield and Company. $3.
David Goes Voyaging. By David Binney Putnam. With a solemn foreword by William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

IT is probably significant that so many of the best children's books have to do with animals in some way or other. Leaving out of account the noble or sentimental or pious tales that endow beasts with human emotions and follow them into their dens to describe in detail what they do there, the best of the animal books fall into two classes: those that refuse to take animals, or anything else, seriously, that invent absurd and amiable creatures with more or less human capacities, and that picture them living in a paradise of games and foolishness, and the other class written by someone who has patiently and honestly observed them in their homes, who does not try to find out what they are thinking but who can describe them as they are, strange and wonderful and inexplicable. The first kind is no more meritorious than the second; one induces laughter, the other wonder—and incidentally manages to provide information.

Mr. Tony Sarg, of course, is a master in the first class. His pictures, brightly colored in green and red and blue and yellow, show hippopotami as happy as larks, pigs on whose features joy shines like a moon, mice that laugh, and elephants that cry. These happy beings live in a perpetual carnival. If their retreats are invaded by human beings they show no surprise, but admit the intruders to their sanctums with the utmost good humor. The two little dogs who, escaped temporarily from their mistresses, are dumped from an airplane into the jungle are conducted through the animals' amusement park, where they slide down the elephant's back, ride the merry-go-round propelled by two whirling ostriches, slide the complicated chutes which require, for the apparatus, a giraffe's neck and the backs of various other animals at different levels, and are returned comfortably to their trundle-bed at night. The text, of less excellence than the pictures, does not matter much. Any child who has ever been in a zoo can look at the illustrations and laugh.

Tony Sarg also illustrates Mr. Wells's admirable book of jungle animals, and this time, strange to say, the pictures matter less than the text. The latter is a plain account of the most breath-taking wonders, the strange things that Mr. Wells has actually seen in Malaysia and elsewhere, the fish that climb trees, the bush that folds up when it is touched, the birds that sleep upside down, the insects thirteen inches long. Mr. Wells has spent many nights in the jungle and he tells exactly what it was like the first time; he discourses on man-eating tigers and falling, vine-wound trees and mischievous elephants. He knows as little of the animals as he does of the trees—he has only seen them; he cannot say what they are thinking or what they do when they are not within the reach of human eyes and ears; but his account makes exciting and thrilling reading.

In as honest a book, 12-year-old David Putnam describes his voyage with William Beebe on the Arcturus. It was a cruise of wonders; there were not only the fragile and brilliant creatures of the deep but lizards and birds that were friendly because they did not know man. And David saw and touched many of them, and kept a baby penguin for a pet, and was treated respectfully as a full-fledged member of the expedition, which he undoubtedly was. His book is worthy of a sailor and a man of honor, and it will arouse in the breasts of many less fortunate 12-year-olds the bitterest envy.

DOROTHY GRAFFE

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Children's Books in Brief

When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

The King's Breakfast. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The first is a reprint on larger paper, with the beguiling illustrations of last year's jacket on the cover, of what has already become a classic. The second gives the words of the most popular of Mr. Milne's verses, set to alluring music.

The Adventures of Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Copious and irresistible pictures adorn a text that has some drawbacks. Pinocchio is a cruel and slippery little rogue and turns to virtue only when vice has been proved unpleasant. Too heavy to handle conveniently.

The Disappointed Squirrel. By W. H. Hudson. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Animal stories for children by an accomplished story teller; clear, simple, interesting, and in the main true.

Little Sea Dogs. By Anatole France. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Beautifully written and delicately imagined tales of children of another race—both peasant and Parisian.

Doctor Dolittle's Zoo. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The fifth volume in a series that does not grow dull and never repeats itself.

The Boys' Book of Ships. By Charles E. Cartwright. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A highly technical book that would drive almost any adult out of his mind and would prove completely fascinating to the boy—or girl—who was in process of making himself an expert on an esoteric subject.

The Happy Dragon. By A. Thatcher and C. J. Hogarth. Brentano's. $2.

Fairy stories with an amusing twist which makes them suitable for grown-ups who read aloud.

The Voyagers. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. $2.25. *The Forge in the Forest.* By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Brave retellings in lovely language of fine old tales and stirring adventures. Boris Artzybasheff's drawings for the second book are a treasure in themselves.

Chi-Wee. By Grace Moon. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Stories of a little Indian girl who lived near the desert, and who cared for her goat and learned to make pottery jars like her mother's, and had many adventures with Loki, her Navajo playmate.

The Sly Giraffe. By Lee Wilson Dodd. Illustrated by Clarence Day, Jr. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A grateful whale, a simple-minded hippopotamus, Tooting Birds with beaks like a penny trumpet, all combine with the sly giraffe to make Mr. Dodd's absurd tales amusing. The illustrations are pure joy.

The Fat of the Cat, and Other Stories. By Gottfried Keller. Freely Adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

One of the year's best collections of legends and fairy stories, told in sprightly fashion.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Symbols

THERE is, so it seems to me, no better test of a writer's mind and art than his treatment of a traditional story. A legend proves by its very persistence the fact that it has a fundamental significance; it challenges the author who employs it to interpret an eternal symbol in terms of the thought of his time, and the meaning which he is able to give to it is the measure of his soul. In the hands of a great man Faust or King Arthur, Tristram or Helen takes on a new vitality and a new grandeur. The greatness of the racial imagination which created them is recognized; but they are, as it were, given a local habitation in the particular world of thoughts and ideas in which the artist lives. Thus, Faust, without ceasing to be Faust, became Marlowe's symbol of his age's thirst for power and Goethe's symbol of his own aspirations toward transcendental knowledge.

In the hands of a small man, on the contrary, all symbols become small, and the feebleness of Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan" (Greenwich Village Theater) is the most conclusive proof of the feebleness of the author's imagination; for he never rises equal to the greatness of the legend and he leaves the hero smaller than he found him. In it, as in all his plays, he is, it is true, free enough with the grandiose gesture; he sets his first scene at the mouth of hell where his blustering Don wins a ten years' respite in which to do more evil, and he does not hesitate to bring the devil himself, along with the ghosts of a score of the Don's victims, upon the stage; but here as always the intellect or the passion which would make the grandiose grand is lamentably lacking and his heroes and

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villains, for all their mouthing and their strutting, bring no exaltation to the soul and strike no terror to the heart. In his hands the sinister but resplendent figure who has fascinated the imagination of the world for more than four centuries shrinks into insignificance and becomes merely the feeble exponent of a commonplace moral. For the first time in the long history of his many transformations Don Juan denies his essential nature. Libertinage, he confesses, doesn't pay; and when Rostand makes his hero say that he is not interpreting a symbol but rather destroying it—for if Don Juan is anything at all he is the projection of a fundamental protest against conventional morality, the imaginative embodiment of an ideal unrecognized in the acknowledged codes of the people who have loved him—that hero simply ceases to exist.

Now, any genuine artist must recognize this protest as the essence of Don Juan's meaning, though he may interpret it as he will. He may make the Don, as the early and pious chroniclers of his deeds made him, simply a type of that rebellious Nature which is the antithesis of God; he may, as apparently Mozart did, see in him the triumph of the gay over the solemn; and he may even, like Bernard Shaw, make of him one of those Devil's Disciples whose rebellion against respectability is only the beginning of a search for morality; for all of these are possible meanings of the protest which gave him birth. But no real artist can sweep the Don away with a gesture of that conventional morality the very inadequacy of which can be the only possible reason for the persistence of the legend in the hearts of generation after generation. To attempt to do so is merely to prove that one is incapable of grasping the meaning of the legend which one presumes to use, and so it is that Rostand's repentant Don Juan has no life because he has no function, while the real Don Juan will continue to live as long as there exists among men and women any rebellion which he can typify.

Even the actors who play in the present production seem to have realized too late this chilling, for though their playing is, like the play, vociferously declamatory it is singularly lacking in feeling or emphasis, and they mouth their lines with little attention to the inflection for which the meaning would seem to call. Strikingly in contrast with this flashy *pièce de résistance* is Vildrac's charming little incident, "The Pilgrimage," which is given as a curtain raiser. Though Vildrac's sentiment is somehow a little out of accord with the mood of the moment it is a genuine and beautiful thing, as those who have seen "The Steamship Tenacity" and "Michel Auclaire" know. Augustin Duncan, who is an unimpressive Devil in the Rostand piece, has opportunity to give a very moving characterization in "The Pilgrimage."

The "Charlot Revue" (Selwyn Theater) promises to repeat its success of former years. Though it is, by the standard of American revues, far from lavish, it includes four performers, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Jack Buchanan, and Herbert Mundin, of very unusual ability, and thanks to them it is, perhaps, the most continuously amusing entertainment of its sort now to be seen. Some of the skits are bright, some a little thin, but they are all carried along admirably by the verve of the principal performers. In "Naughty Cinderella" (Lyceum Theater) Avery Hopwood has adapted from the French an excellent farcical vehicle for Irene Bordoni. It is funny, spirited, and very innocently naughty.

The current production at the Provincetown Theater illustrates the difficulty facing those interested in experimenting with a new stagecraft, the difficulty being that it is apparently impossible to find plays written in the required form that are worth producing. Some of the settings in "Adam Solitaire," especially that of the bridge scene, are eerie and beautiful, but the play is desperate nonsense.

"The City Chap" (Liberty Theater) is a musical comedy based on "The Fortune Hunter" and made amusing by the acting of Richard Gallagher.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Clarence Darrow

and

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

will speak at the second *Nation* dinner

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THEATER

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"The performance last evening justified the academic ballyhooing of this tragedy, and damned the boors who aspire to independence by deriding gently the Shakespeare rodomontade."—J. Brooks Atkinson, Times.

Shaw's "CANDIDA" with new Actors' Theatre cast—"A better revival than the one which prospered so mightily here last season."—Alexander Woollcott, The World.

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Limited engagement ends November 28 at Comedy Theatre, W. 41st St., Penn. 3558. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LECTURES

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"Sex and Society"
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Leo E. Saidla
"Main Tendencies in Modern Literature"
Fridays, 8:30 P.M.

Herman Epstein
"The Ring of the Nibelungen"
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Italy's Despotism

By JAMES MURPHY

I. Local Tyranny in Italy

ON October 31 Benito Mussolini deposited the ultimate straw on the back of the Roman camel. He appointed Filippo Cremonesi Governor of Rome.

Who is Cremonesi? Soon after the Fascists came into power Mussolini scrapped the whole municipal outfit in Rome and appointed one of his own accomplices as civic dictator, officially styled "royal commissar," to take the place of the mayor and aldermanic council. Filippo Cremonesi is the name of the commissar thus appointed. True to the principles of Fascism, he was endowed with full power to clear the last cent from the pocket of the plebs and spend it in whatever direction seemed good to him, without incurring the liability of eventually having to show the receipt. Beyond this, Mussolini accorded him credit from the state Treasury, so that there should be no limit to the orgy of municipal spending that has gone on in Rome for the past two years and a half. The atmosphere of the orgy has been so mephitic that even Fascist noses have twitched. And this accounts for the strange fact that the manacled press was accorded sufficient liberty to declare that on the first big deal put through under the commissariat regime—that for the repaving of the principal streets—the black camorra cleaned up something in the neighborhood of $350,000. This is a tremendous sum for a town like Rome, which is not one-eighth the size of New York in point of population and much poorer financially than the average British or American provincial town of the same size. Since the commissar gained control of affairs all contracts have been given out privately, generally to friends, who have remarketed them. And thus the scandals piled up—the financing of houses for government employees, selling and reselling of municipal property, laying down of new trolley routes, and so on and so on. Pilgrims to Rome during the Holy Year must have stood agape at the saturnalia of municipal spending that met the eye. The American and British taxpayers must have asked themselves how it was that these people could not afford to pay something off their international debt when they could do themselves so superhandsomely at home.

A law has now been made whereby the last municipal rights of the Eternal City are definitely abolished. For the future the capital of Italy is to be what is called a "governorship," to be ruled by a governor with dictatorial powers, assisted by two vice-governors, ten rectors, and an advisory council, all to be appointed without any reference to the wishes or votes of the people. Rome sinks thus to the level of a crown colony wherein the natives are not considered as sufficiently civilized to be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. The appointment of Cremonesi is a hint of how affairs are to be managed.

A curious anomaly, in the inrush of Fascist anomalies whereby Italy is being inundated every day, is that the new plan of municipal reform places Rome on the same level as the small municipalities which have a population of not more than 5,000. Except for Rome, the recent legislation does not touch the municipalities that have a population of over 5,000. These will continue to be governed by an elected council and a mayor, or syndic, chosen from the councilors. But all municipalities that have only 5,000 inhabitants or less are henceforward deprived of all civic rights. They must return to the medieval system of the *podesta*, in other words, to the absolute sway of a local dictator appointed by the Premier. The podesta will have all power in his hands. He will be like the chief of an African tribe and he will be Mussolini's henchman. Technically he will be appointed by the government through the machinery of a royal decree; but that is only camouflage. A law is being passed to make the Italian premier responsible only to the king, and no longer to the parliament. The cabinet ministers are no longer to share responsibility for their respective administrations. As the king is only a figurehead, the premier becomes absolute potentate. Therefore all appointments by the central government are at the whim and wish of the premier.

This strangle-hold on municipal freedom seems inconceivable to the average outsider. What is its meaning and how is it possible that it can be tolerated in the land of Garibaldi and Mazzini?

The peculiar conditions of municipal government in Italy have no counterpart elsewhere. In Italy there are no rural districts, in the statutory sense. Every acre of the country, whether bog or mountain or snow-capped Alpine peak or the burning lips of Vesuvius and Etna, is part of a municipality. The national territory is divided into practically 9,200 sections—I think the exact number is 9,186. These sections are called municipalities. The majority of them are not towns but merely administrative sections of national territory on which there may be anything from five scattered dwellings to large centers like Rome and Milan. The important point is that each municipality, whether a mere circumscribed patch of mountain or a great city, has fundamentally the same civic status as any other. Each is a municipality and each has its syndic, or mayor, all mayors having the same statutory positions. So that the mayor of a community having only one hundred inhabitants is as much of a mayor as the syndic of Rome.

This grouping is not merely haphazard in its origin, as ours is, but is a state administrative division. The municipality is the ultimate pivot on which the state rests and operates. Practically all the state services reach the citizen through the agency of the municipality. It is the latter that collects all taxes of inland revenue, arranges for the calling up of conscripts, takes an inventory of all taxable property, grants all sorts of licenses, and exercises general supervision on behalf of the state. This condition of affairs will be better grasped if it be remembered that most of the Italian municipalities have a history that stretches back to the Middle Ages, when they were self-contained civic units in the midst of the political anarchy of the time. They were incorporated as such in the modern state; so that they form, as it were, a general commonwealth, each municipality retaining a large share of its old political autonomy, or autarchy as it is technically called, in the administrative sense. In other words, the municipality is a state within the state; and this is so true that an Italian municipality actually issues passports to its inhabitants for the purpose of facilitating their journey to a neighboring municipality.

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Go into the typical *palazzo communale*, or town hall, any day you wish and you will find the populace streaming to and fro to register their belongings, cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, mules, pianos, billiard tables, on each of which there is a tax assessed and paid at the commune. So that the communal official is practically the incarnation of the state as far as the ordinary citizen is concerned. Therefore, it is clear that whoever has charge of municipal administration is in practical control of the country. He can make life impossible for the natives if they do not conform to his bidding; and the natives conform to him and give him the vote in order to escape annoyance. The new law lays it down that all municipalities of only 5,000 inhabitants or less must henceforth be governed by a podesta, appointed by headquarters. The number of such municipalities amounts to 7,500. This accounts for almost exactly 40 per cent of the whole Italian population. By a few strokes of the pen the Fascists have assured themselves of 40 per cent of the national vote at any parliamentary elections.

The Fascists already hold a majority of the remaining municipalities. According to Italian law the central government can dissolve a municipal council when it wishes and appoint a royal commissar to reign ad interim. In the case of nearly two thousand municipalities the Mussolini Government has already availed itself of this loophole in the constitution; so that when the new decree operates the number of municipalities left with mayors and municipal councils will be easy to count.

One of the immediate purposes of thus securing dictatorial control of the municipalities is the facilitation of Fascism's shady finance. It is well known that a favorite trick practiced since Mussolini got control of things is to falsify the state budget by transferring state expenses to the municipal budgets. All the municipal budgets show a deficit; but this does not appear in public. And there will be no chance of its coming into the light now when there will be no local supervisors appointed by the people. The system will be understood if we imagine all the municipalities as subordinate corporations grouped under the one parent corporation, which is the state. The balance sheets of the subordinate corporations are being thrown more and more into a state of insolvency in order to make the parent balance sheet look healthy. Yet the solvency of the parent corporation is solely dependent on the solvency of all the subordinated corporations taken together.

American financiers who have visited Italy have been too simple-minded to spot this trick. They have also been too simple-minded to ask for the treasury accounts and collate them with the budget. And so the Fascist financial bluff has gone ahead triumphantly. Mussolini wants to show the unwary Yankee how splendidly everything is going in Italy, so that he can raise loans in the United States. We need not ask into what pockets the money is to go. John Bull was not so easily taken in when Minister De Stefani went to London to talk business.

How do the people of the rank and file envisage the new curtailment of their local autonomies? In reality they look on it as a change from a greater to a lesser evil. At the present moment the municipalities are governed by a system of violence and intimidation practiced by the local Fascio, the head of which is technically called a *ras*, which is the euphonious term for a protected rowdy. He dominates the community and the police are afraid of him. The people think that the new podesta will be, in the greater number of cases, an ex-army man and may have a sense of discipline. He may turn out to be a tyrant; but anyhow he will be a responsible tyrant and he may restore the morale of the local police.

This also is undoubtedly one of the purposes in the mind of the cabinet group that framed the law. This is the nationalist group, headed by Federzoni. The nationalists are hoping one day to snatch power from the Fascists. They made a bold bid for it last December, when Federzoni tried to bring about the resignation of Mussolini on the occasion of the publication of the Rossi memorandum. Now they are going to work more slowly but more surely. As the nationalists are strongly backed by the army chiefs and as they hope that the podesta to be appointed to 7,500 communes will be an ex-army man, in the majority of cases, they think that he will be able to oust the local Fascist potentate and so change the local sway of the dagger and cudgel for the sway of a military absolutism, which is the ideal of government according to the political doctrines of Federzoni's intransigent nationalists.

II. Fascism on the March

> The revolution is on the march. I am silent; but my plans are well laid and I shall not be turned aside from them by any confusionary talk. When a certain point will have been reached one *deed* will strike the multitude dumb and it will be a revolutionary act which will complete the revolution and bring it to its inexorable goal.

THUS spake Benito Mussolini in the course of an interview granted for publication in the current issue of a Fascist periodical entitled *Ordine Fascista*. We are given no inkling as to what will be the nature of this new revolutionary deed which will strike the multitude dumb (*troncherà il brusio*). Will it be the murder of the Pope and the looting of the Vatican? Or will it be the burning of Rome, with Mussolini playing his fiddle on the dome of St. Peter's, from which the cross will have been torn down and the lictor's ax placed in its stead, as was threatened by Mussolini himself in his own paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, on the occasion of the founding of Fascism?

It is useless to attempt an answer to these questions. The retrospective value of the Dictator's pronunciamento is of more pressing interest. "The revolution is on the march," he said—and he said that immediately after the Florentine atrocities had taken place. Nothing else was in the public mind at the time. The Florentine shambles were undoubtedly an integral part of Mussolini's plan. We must allow him the merit of being outspoken in his acknowledgment of responsibility. This acknowledgment is also backed up by reliable information from independent sources. It was Mussolini himself who ordered the dogs of war to be unleashed at Florence. And it was Mussolini who ordered the cessation of hostilities. These statements are corroborated in a solemn document recently published in Paris by the Italian section of the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme. "The responsibility for this atrocious crime," the document affirms, "must not be confined to the wretched apaches of the Florentine Fascio, notoriously made up of the most squalid scourings of the city. The political and personal responsibility rests with the head of the Government."

What were the immediate causes that led up to the organization of the Florentine massacre? To that ques-

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tion there is a particular and a general answer. I shall give them in the order named.

In Florence the clandestine periodical *Non Mollare* has been published regularly for the past twelve months or so. It has come to be recognized as the most authoritative journal in Italy, now that all the others are mere transcripts of government orders or else have to be content with material that does not affect current issues. The Fascist authorities have tried to suppress *Non Mollare* but failed. It published the Filippelli memorandum and circulated it through Italy. It is always to the fore with authentic revelations of a startling character. And its information has always turned out to be reliable. In its issue of September 20 *Non Mollare* forecast with perfect accuracy, as proved by the event ten days later, the findings of the prosecuting attorneys in the Matteotti case. On the same date the clandestine paper published information which directly indicted Mussolini as sole authoritative promoter of the Matteotti murder. The arrest of Rossi, Filippelli, and Marinelli was simply a piece of camouflage. This information was recently sworn to by Mussolini's press agent, Cesare Rossi, during his secret examination before the grand jury of the Senate in connection with the De Bono indictment. Rossi explained how Mussolini was the prime mover in founding the Cheka, how Dumini was enthusiastically taken on by him as hired assassin and was employed directly by him in several criminal undertakings, how Mussolini was responsible for the Matteotti murder, and how he lost his nerve and became terrorized when he found that the public had taken up the hue and cry.

All this and more came out in *Non Mollare* on September 20. Fury raged in Rome. The Freemasons of Florence had long been suspected of knowing something about the publication and circulation of the clandestine paper. Else how could the circulation have been so effective and how could the secret have been so well kept? The result was that a massacre of the Freemasons was ordered and the names were carefully picked out.

That is the particular cause which brought about the order to let the Fascist hordes loose in Florence. The more general reason is stated rather succinctly in the document issued by the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme to which I have already referred. The circular states:

> The savage onslaught on Masonry now organized at Mussolini's instigation is nothing more than a move to use these artificially provoked sanguinary upheavals as a plea for indefinitely putting off the date of the Matteotti trial: because Mussolini knows that at the public hearing of the evidence in court it will not be possible for him to prevent the disclosure of his own direct personal participation in the atrocious crime, as having given the order to the murderers.

What took place at Florence? The whole story has not yet been told. The Tuscan capital was turned into a veritable shambles during the first week of October. Shops were looted, safes ransacked, unarmed persons bludgeoned. At least eighteen respectable and law-abiding citizens were slaughtered by Mussolini's black-shirt soldiery, which is a regularly constituted army, supported out of state funds, and which acted under the orders of its officers during the massacre. That is a point of international importance. All militant Fascists are now enrolled in the national militia. Therefore, when they engage in organized slaughter they engage in it as government troops. Foreign subjects were among the victims in Florence. What will the foreign governments do? On Sunday, October 4, crowds of terrified visitors fled from their hotels and took refuge at the consulates asking for protection. The Swiss and British and American consulates ran up their national flags as in time of war. Yet the foreign press was kept in the dark about the whole affair.

How and why? The why is simple enough and ought to make editors of foreign newspapers take notice. It will be remembered that when the press decree was introduced immediately after the Matteotti crime, for the purpose of keeping Mussolini's complicity in the affair out of print, the first draft of the press law contained a provision whereby foreign correspondents in Italy would be obliged to submit their cables to the local authorities before sending them abroad. But the provision was eliminated under pressure from the more enlightened members of the Cabinet. That does not mean, however, that Mussolini has not found a way of illegally enforcing it in practice. Cables are scrutinized by the Fascist postal officials and destroyed when they contain unfavorable news. More often they are subedited, so that the correspondent is made to say thing which he has in reality not written in the cable. But the more prevalent and more effective system is to manufacture false news and send it out through the international agencies, the Italian offices of which are now entirely under Fascist supervision. Ingenuous correspondents take the information manufactured for them and send it abroad in all good faith. Mussolini and Farinacci are not journalists for nothing. They know the value of getting the first story in. And that is how they managed the Florentine affair. They made up their own version and had it sent out through the agencies. According to this, a leading Fascist was killed on the night of October 3. Reprisals set in. The mob called for vengeance and unfortunately one or two persons fell victims to the uncontrolled fury of the Fascists acting in accordance with the violent demands of the multitude. But the Government soon got the situation in hand. That was **Farinacci's story.**

Liar! The Florentine atrocities started during the last week in September. All had been prearranged and had been openly announced in the Fascist press. Luporini, head of the Florentine Fascio, and a companion of his named Pucci had been carrying out punitive expeditions for ten days previous to the night of October 3. For instance, they invaded the local communal tax office, bludgeoned the doorkeeper and an employee named Bencini. Then they vented their rage on the secretary and left him at death's doors. They next visited the Palazzo Vecchio, the historic city hall of Florence. Here they attacked the non-Fascist employees, seriously wounding a clerk named Lisini, also engineer Torsellini, who was in control of the technical department, and insulting the general secretary, Dr. Magnani. From there they visited police stations and actually bludgeoned a well-known officer who has lost an eye as one of the results.

It was in the course of these organized attacks that Luporini and his accomplices visited the home of a respectable citizen named Bandinelli. They had letters which Bandinelli had written to third parties and sent through the mail. How did they get these letters? Simply enough. The Fascists now control the post and all mail coming or going is submitted to them. Luporini went to Bandinelli's house and demanded an explanation of something which Bandi-

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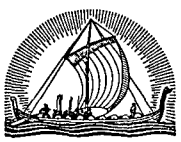

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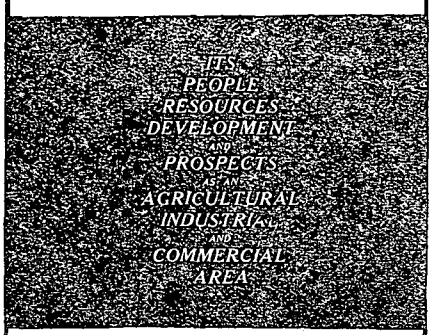

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nelli had written and also demanded the names on his list of correspondents. Bandinelli refused and a noisy altercation ensued. As the Fascists had broken into Bandinelli's home by violence and as it was well known that they had been terrorizing the city for several days, a man from the upstairs flat, named Benciolini, came to the rescue of his neighbor. He was armed with a revolver and in the scuffle Luporini was shot dead. That was made the excuse for turning the city into a slaughter house.

Only when foreign consulates protested did Mussolini call off the wreckers. Farinacci sent an order to cease hostilities on October 5. Then Mussolini gave the prefect and local chief of police a vacation, in order to throw dust in the eyes of outsiders. But he sent congratulations to the Fascist murderers by appointing the notorious Balbo as chief inquisitor and sending him, with plenary power, to hold an inquiry on the whole affair. Balbo was commander-in-chief of the national militia until a year ago. He had to resign because it became public that he had used the militia to carry out murders in the north of Italy and also to protect the murderers against the police. Balbo is famous as the great upholder of the doctrine that all crimes committed by Fascists are done in the sacred cause of the revolution and that therefore no Fascist must be brought to justice. His appointment to temporary supreme control in Florence is a message to the local black shirts that they may safely laugh at any demand made on the part of the people in the interests of common justice.

"I morti pesano," Mussolini once declared, when he began to grow afraid of the crimes in which he found himself being involved, in 1921. The dead weigh heavily. The body of Giacomo Matteotti weighs heavily on Mussolini. He becomes more and more terror-stricken as the possibility of a public trial approaches. He sometimes has fits of uncontrolled terror and envisages plans of escape from Italy. Recently, for instance, Baron Fassini's steam yacht had orders to stand by on the Mediterranean shore, for the purpose of taking the dictator abroad. Did he intend to escape to Spain? One hears all kinds of rumors. But this fact at least is certain: The Florentine horrors were organized principally because a local paper, *Non Mollare,* had published information about Mussolini's complicity in the Matteotti crime based on evidence laid before the magistrates. If the same evidence had been given in such a case in any other civilized country all the newspapers would have been entitled to publish it. But then if Mussolini had been in any other civilized country he would have been impeached long ago and brought to justice.

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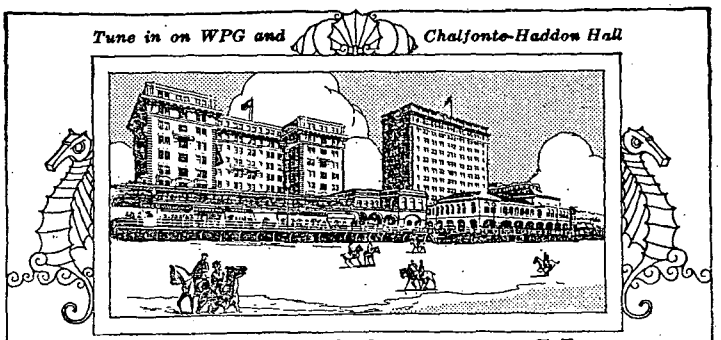

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